

H. J. Beck.

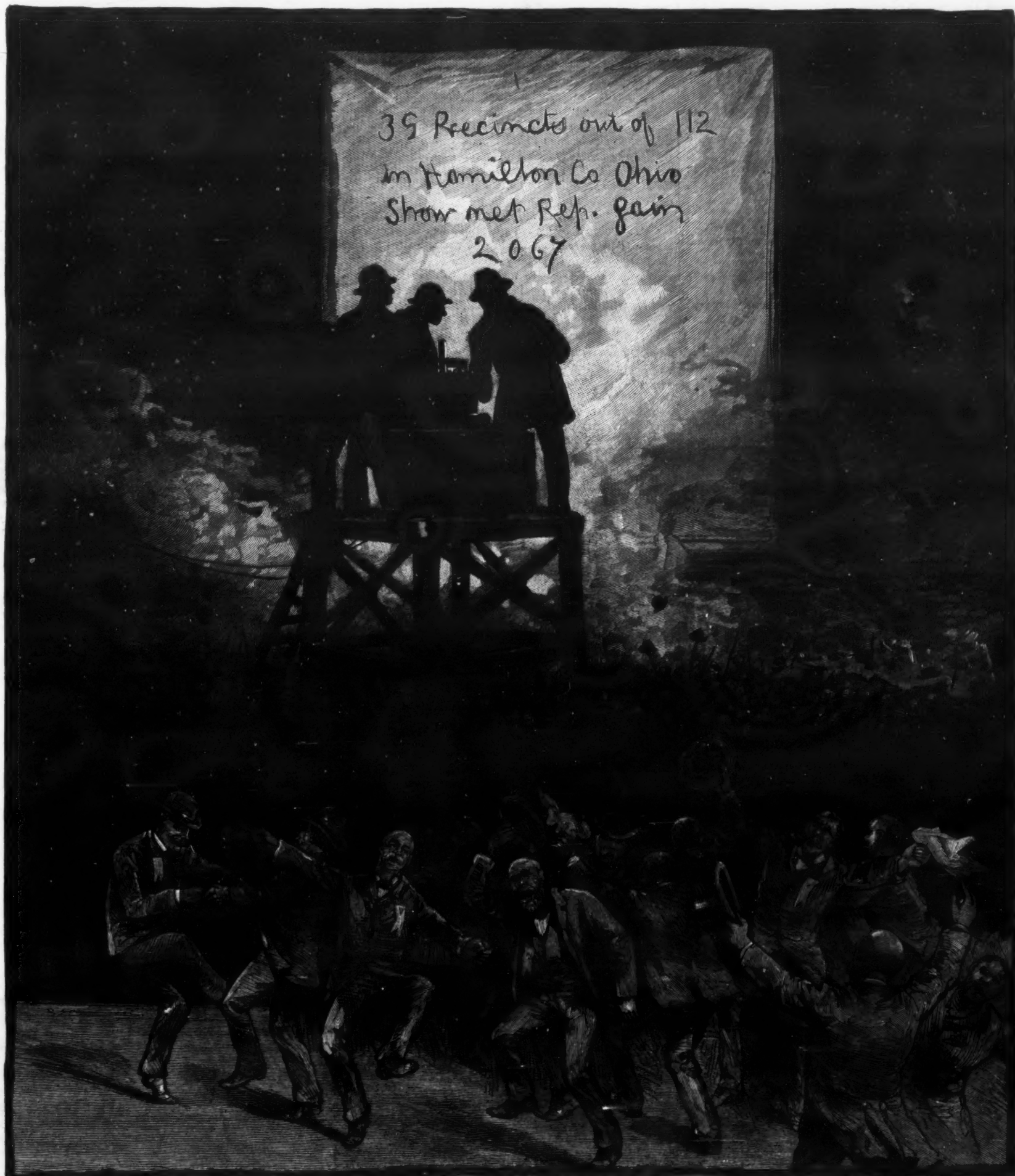
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OHIO.—SCENE ON ELECTION NIGHT, OCTOBER 14TH, ON NORTH HIGH STREET, IN THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.
RECEIVING AND ANNOUNCING THE RETURNS.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

HOW WE PAINT OURSELVES.

IN the current *Contemporary Review* an Englishman writes about "The Americans as they are Painted by Themselves." His method is easy, and might even be called superficial. He takes half a dozen recent American novels, and from the way in which the authors treat their heroines he infers the manners, tastes and morals of our society. Thus he says: "The first and most striking trait in these books is the extraordinary respect for class-distinction, position, 'gentility,' and money, among the characters described, with scarcely an exception." Why should it not be so? It is a fair inference that class-distinction and position have been won by real merits, though it is often not so; accumulators of money generally deserve more respect than those who scatter it, for without wealth there can be no leisure, no art, no civilization; and real gentility is and always must be entitled not only to respect, but to honor. The average Englishman seems to imagine that an American, to be consistent, should despise good breeding, gentility, refinement and wealth, and that position which comes of these; and when Americans are found to show regard for enlightened virtues, such Englishmen as F. P. Verney take it as a personal affront.

He has still other objections to the American novel:

"Next comes the value set upon dress. The importance of the gown question can scarcely be imagined by the European mind. A French heroine is, of course, 'bien mise,' and her 'chaussure' is probably insisted on; the 'petites mules,' or the 'bas bien tirés.' An English girl must be picturesque in her attire, and her clothes must be becoming; but to say that her gowns came from Paris would not enhance her charms in the eyes of the readers, who would probably consider her very absurd for her pains. . . . Gowns! gowns! they appear everywhere, and weigh upon the brain."

The writer skims through "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "Washington Square," "Democracy," "Daisy Miller," "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Portrait of a Lady," and other novels to show that this question of apparel pervades them all. Why should it not, forsooth? Is dress an insignificant element in polite society? From the English point of view it may probably be so regarded, for the typical English girl is certainly the worst-dressed girl on the planet, surpassing in her dowdiness any other among civilized peoples, excepting possibly the Dutch. It is not, indeed, considered necessary for girls "whose fathers are not at all rich" to procure their dresses from Paris; but the question as to how they shall be made is not so unimportant a question here as it proverbially is in London.

Another phase of American life is criticised with more justice—that is, the independence of the American girl of all guardianship and of nearly all restraint; the girl who "feels herself capable of resolving every problem and deciding on every action from the slender stock of her own experience." We agree with our critic that the European method is better, including not only firm parental guidance, but chaperones, duennas, and even dependence on the judgment of others concerning the most important step in life—marriage. Even despotism is better than anarchy; subordination is better than hap-hazard havoc and running off with the coachman at last. Yet the "Daisy Miller" on whom the critic relies is an impossible being, endowed with preternatural idiocy in several directions.

The critic gives us one sharp thrust that has a basis of truth under it when he says: "In every story may be found some example of that purely American conviction that knowledge is heaven-born; that everybody can do everything; that without training, practice, or experience, every man and woman is fit for any post." But then he follows with a sad blunder, mistaking Mr. Howell's argument for civil service reform for an assertion that our diplomatic service is filled without any regard for the fitness of the applicant; which is not true, by a good deal.

Mr. Verney warns us that "there are a few words in most of the novels which jar greatly on the English reader." For instance, "genteel," "stylish," and probably dress, drygoods, store, vest, calico, bureau, sparse, locomotive, laundry, hardware, switch, bakery, lumber, locate, donate, narrate, caucus, fix (for adjust), and dozens of other words equally good which are current only or mainly in America. The critic may as well understand that this country is not any longer, even in a lingual sense, one of the colonies of Great Britain. We are now the arbiters of our own speech. A majority of all English-speaking people are not in England, but in America, and we cannot longer submit our verbal needs to the prejudices and whimsies of our insular cousins. "Dress" is quite as good a word as "gown"; "store" is a better word than "shop," which has another meaning; "clever" is a good and legitimate word, even in its Yankee signification of amiable and helpful, and we shall acclimatize it in that sense if we happen to require it. The speakers of a common tongue can never be independent of each other; but the time

has come when the men of letters and philologists of America recognize no superior authority.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE net results of the Ohio election, which took place last week, are that the Republicans elect their State ticket by a plurality of 11,000, as against a Democratic plurality of 12,500 last year, secure ten Representatives in Congress, a gain of two, and obtain control of the local administrations in Hamilton and other heretofore Democratic counties. The total vote in the State was the largest ever polled, approximating 805,000.

This general result of a contest of phenomenal interest is not calculated to strengthen the confidence of the Democratic leaders. They had expected to reduce the Republican majority in the State to a minimum—some confidently anticipated the election of their party ticket. There were, undoubtedly, some considerations which seemed to justify their expectations of material gains. The party was superbly organized; the liquor and prohibition questions, and the mining troubles in the Hocking Valley operated to the embarrassment of the Republicans, and up to the middle of September, moreover, the latter were poorly organized and by no means active. The result, however, shows that the managers of neither party fully comprehended the situation. There were currents and depths which their plummets did not fathom. And these are the very factors that have determined the result. Not the politicians, but the great middle class of voters—the men who have no permanent partisan attachments—thinking for themselves and making up their minds with reference to vital principles, rather than expediency or mere political prejudice—these, "the uncertain quantity" in every great national contest—have decided the question of Ohio's position. And their decision is that the Republican policy is, as they believe, safer and better for the nation than the policy formulated by the Democracy; that questions of temperance, of license, and internal police are of vastly less importance than the question of the protection of American industries; and that they are unwilling to contribute to any change in the national administration which would involve the possibility of disaster to any substantial interest.

Of course, this Ohio victory will greatly encourage the Republicans throughout the Union, but it does not by any means settle the contest. Success is still within the reach of the Democratic leaders. Some Western States, heretofore Republican, are now fair fighting ground, and a concentration of Democratic activity at these points may yet result in their capture. This result, however, will not be achieved by the policy of wholesale defamation which has so far been pursued. Mr. Blaine is not to be beaten by a campaign of cold-blooded slander and abuse. The contest is to be decided by the records of the contending parties with reference to high considerations of public policy, and that party will win which in its policy and record most fully meets the popular conception of what is needed to secure the prosperity of the country, and command for all the people the blessings of wise, honest and just administration.

EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.

WE have more than once called attention to Southern illiteracy as one of the chief dangers threatening the Republic, and demanding earnest efforts for its removal; and so profoundly are we impressed by the importance of the subject that we are constrained to advert to it once again, in the hope of awakening our readers to a deeper interest in the efforts making, or proposed to be made, to carry the light of education into the dark places of the land. The subject is above and beyond all questions of party politics, and appeals alike to Democrats and Republicans—to all those, in short, who have the welfare of the country at heart.

For four years past the Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo, one of the best equipped educators in the country, has been engaged in studying the problem of Southern illiteracy, with an earnest purpose of uniting the intelligence of the North with that of the South for its removal by the wisest and speediest means. He has visited most of the Southern States, and been received in them all with the greatest cordiality by their most eminent citizens. He has visited the schools of the South, including those established and maintained by Northern benevolence and those which have their foundation in State authority. He has delivered scores of public addresses, and more than once spoken by request to State Legislatures, the members of which have listened with deepest interest to his appeals. His latest report of his labors was submitted to the National Unitarian Conference lately held at Saratoga. It must not, however, be inferred from this circumstance that any sectarian spirit or purpose lurks in the measures he is seeking to promote. The schools established at the South by religious denominations at the North are generally of a parochial sort, the religious motive dominating the educational purpose. Dr. Mayo commends these schools for the good they have done and are adapted to do; but he sees clearly that they can never reach the whole Southern population. There, as here, the common school, free and unsectarian, and resting upon State authority, is the one indispensable instrumentality for offering the advantages of education to the

whole people; and to this end accordingly, Dr. Mayo's efforts are mainly directed. He tells us, what is certainly a most cheering fact, that within the last fifteen years, in spite of their unparalleled poverty, the Southern people have established our American system of free common schools in every State, and made it a little better each year. This present year, without foreign aid, they have expended \$15,000,000 to maintain these schools. The whole sum expended by them in the last fifteen years for this purpose is not less than \$75,000,000. When the absolute prostration of 1865 and the widespread poverty of the present are considered, we are inclined to agree with Dr. Mayo in the observation that "no people on earth, under circumstances so discouraging, have done so much for education in any twenty years of human history."

Public sentiment at the South upon this question is mainly right, and growing stronger every day. But it is not in the power of the people, at the very utmost, to do more than a small part of the work that is to be done. No one can doubt the truth of this statement who remembers that only two of the eleven States that seceded in 1861 have now a State valuation equal to the deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts. Taking all the circumstances into account, the wonder is not that these States have done so little, but that they have done so much. One-sixth of the entire population of the South is absolutely illiterate. One-third of its entire voting population cannot read the ballots they cast. Only one-third the children and youth under twenty-one really attend any school. This is a sad state of things, and we trust that Congress, at its next session, will make haste to pass the Blair Educational Bill, making appropriations from the national treasury to aid in the removal of the mass of ignorance which is a constant menace to the stability of the Republic.

A NEW GLADSTONE-PARNELL TREATY.

THE premature publication in the London *Standard* of the alleged terms of the proposed Redistribution Bill appears to have placed Mr. Gladstone in a new quandary. The Tories are naturally dissatisfied with the measure in its shape according to the *Standard*, and unless it is seriously modified before it reaches the House of Lords, the compromise between Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury which the Queen arranged will be declared "off."

Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone, as a counter move, is understood to be making a new treaty with Mr. Parnell, with a view to securing the support of the Irish Party in the coming tussle over the Franchise Bill. The terms demanded by Mr. Parnell are singularly like those of the famous "Kilmainham Treaty" of 1882. The present Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, is to be recalled, and the present Coercion Law, the Crimes Act, allowed to lapse. Earl Spencer's recall is demanded because his administration, which is now more unpopular in Ireland than ever Mr. Forster's was, is accused of conniving at the acquittal of castle officials charged with nameless crimes, and with procuring, for political purposes, the imprisonment and execution of several innocent men.

This treaty with Mr. Parnell, or the talk of it, even, foreshadows the real nature of the position the Irish Party will occupy in the House of Commons when a general election will have doubled its present strength. It is impossible to forecast the issues of the coming session until the terms of the Redistribution Bill are authoritatively made known; but there is one certain thing, and that is, that if the Tories declare against the measure, the fate of the Gladstone Ministry will be in Mr. Parnell's hands.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

THE fact that the Bank of England has suddenly raised its rate of discount shows that it has become alarmed at the prospect of large shipments of gold to New York, and it must be confessed that our exports must materially increase to offset the action of the governors of that institution. Most financiers here think that it will effectually check the efflux of specie from London. Thus far this year our imports of specie have reached \$19,750,330, against \$13,500,882 for the same period last year. If we are not to receive any further specie importations of importance this year, it is gratifying to know that the business world will be in no way embarrassed, for the reason that money is plentiful and obtainable at low rates. How liberal the supply of money here is may be gathered from the fact that the surplus of the New York banks is nearly thirty millions against only a little over two millions at this time last year. The movement of money to the interior increases very slowly, and a drain of twenty or twenty-five millions would be a favorable business symptom.

The great question in commercial circles just now is, How large is the export trade to be? In some respects the exhibit for the exporting season thus far is favorable. The flour exports since September 1st are over a hundred thousand barrels larger than for the corresponding period last year; the excess in the wheat shipments to foreign ports is nearly three million bushels, and the exports of cotton shows an increase of 45,000 bales. The imports for forty-one weeks of the present year, on the other hand, exceed the exports by \$87,984,618, being

more than six millions larger than for the same period last year.

But while the outlook for the export commerce might be more favorable than it is, it seems improbable that it will show the decrease that business pessimists predict. The *London Economist* maintains that the price of wheat will decline steadily during the coming Winter because India and the United States have a surplus more than double the quantity that Europe will require. This, however, is merely one view of the question. Prices may decline, but Europe, it is safe to say, will require more of our grain than alarmists would have us suppose. For several years we have been informed at regular intervals by foreign merchants that American wheat was to be displaced in the European markets by the East Indian cereal, and so as regards the cotton trade. The truth is that the wheat and cotton from the far East are not equal to our own, and while it would be idle to ignore the fact that India and Australia may yet become dangerous rivals in the grain traffic, it will be quite as well not to cross the bridge before we get to it. If the grain exports continue at their present rate we shall make a good showing. As the new crop comes forward the foreign demand is likely to improve.

THE RHINELANDER INSANITY PROSECUTION.

WILLIAM C. RHINELANDER, a member of a wealthy and so-called aristocratic family, the victim of an unnatural prosecution, helpless, penniless and imprisoned; perfectly sane and yet having every moment before him the appalling prospect of the life-long horrors of a madhouse, is such a spectacle as should excite the sympathy of the most callous of his fellow-men.

It is certainly a humiliating circumstance to this affluent family that one of them should be compelled to become a recipient of public charity, and still more humiliating and disgraceful that the treatment which the unfortunate man has been subjected to since the commencement of the farcical inquiry as to his sanity, has been such as would tend to produce mental lesion in the case of the sanest person in the land.

The objective point of the proceedings against William C. Rhinelander, is evidently not to save him from the consequences of his rash act, but rather to ostracise him for life for the offence of marrying one who, in the estimation of his relatives, is infinitely beneath him in the social scale. Obviously, the public have nothing to do with such high-flown pretensions as form the basis of this persecution, but they have much to do with the final disposition of the case against the victim. In the event of his being consigned to a lunatic asylum, what security has any person that he or she may not be similarly treated if monied or other influence is invoked to accomplish so nefarious a purpose? One thing is certain, that when their services are required there will be no lack of insanity experts, whose diagnosis of mental condition will be so all-embracing that a wink, or a squint or a twitch, may be produced in court as irrefragable proof that a person is as "mad as a March hare," and that a padded room in an insane asylum ward is the only place where he can be put with safety to society.

A DWINDLING STATE.

THE wonderful growth of our younger States has long been a source of national pride. Now, however, for the first time in our history, we find an American commonwealth forced to the disagreeable confession that her expectations of a prosperous voyage have not been realized, and that she must take in sail, instead of throwing more canvas to the breeze.

The local issues of a State canvass on the Pacific slope would ordinarily possess little interest for readers this side of the Rockies, but the whole country is concerned in the present situation of Nevada. It is now just twenty years since Nevada was admitted to the sisterhood of States, the Republicans, who then controlled Congress, hurrying the matter through in order to secure more electoral votes for Lincoln in the then approaching Presidential election of 1864. Silver had been discovered in 1859, and when the wonderful richness of the Comstock Lode was revealed, miners rushed thither in droves. The population, which had scarcely reached a thousand before, leaped to over 16,000 by the Summer of 1861, and grew rapidly for some time thereafter. Everybody was full of confidence, and no one doubted that the new State was to grow rapidly and steadily.

The reality has proved very different from the promise. A few years sufficed to show that even the Comstock Lode was not inexhaustible, and that the mineral resources of the whole region had been grossly exaggerated. Investigation and experiment proved that agriculture could not supplant mining, as had happened in the adjoining State of California. Settlers ceased to pour into the State. The census of 1870 showed a population of only 42,491, and the next enumeration brought out the still more discouraging fact that there had been a growth of less than 20,000 between 1870 and 1880. Since the latter year the State has been practically at a standstill, and there is no apparent reason for expecting better things in the future.

These sixty thousand people find themselves burdened with all the expensive governmental machinery that would be required for a commonwealth with several times

as large a population, and they call for relief. The feeling is so strong that both political parties must make thorough-going retrenchment the watchword of the campaign. The Democrats demand a Constitutional Convention to overhaul the whole form of government, while the Republicans, considering that step unnecessary and expensive, declare in favor of an amendment limiting the length of legislative sessions, and pledge themselves to legislative enactments providing for a reduction of judicial districts, a consolidation of county governments, State and county offices, and a cut of not less than thirty per cent. in all salaries. Whichever party wins, therefore, the cost of running the machine is going to be reduced, and reduced because the tax-payers cannot stand the present expense.

There is a moral for the country in this story. It teaches the folly of haste in erecting ambitious territories into States. Nevada has less than one-eighteenth the population of New York, and yet wields equal power in the Senate. The nation cannot afford to foster such inequalities. Dakota and other aspiring communities must wait for admission into the Union as States until they have demonstrated beyond question their capacity for sustained growth.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

ACCORDING to a late but dubious report, Admiral Courbet's original failure before Tamsui, the treaty port of the Island of Formosa, has been followed by a victory resulting in phenomenally great loss on the Chinese side. The battle is said to have been fought on the shore near the town. The Chinese have fortified the heights, and refuse to surrender their positions. The news from the Tonquin is more reliable. General de l'Isle reports an important victory over a large force of what he considers "the best troops of the Empire." The engagement took place on the 10th instant, and resulted in the capture of the Fortress of Chu, on the upper Loochuan River. The Chinese loss before the French artillery was undoubtedly great, but the statement that 3,000 were killed is a severe tax upon credulity. Fresh forces of Chinese are already invading Tonquin. Meantime, the Celestials are maintaining order in the treaty ports in a manner which is highly creditable to them. There are indications of disagreements in the French Cabinet as to the foreign policy of the Government, and several notices have been given of interpellation when the proposed Tonquin credit of 10,800,000 francs comes up for debate in the House of Deputies. The Senate has formally expressed its gratitude to the troops in Tonquin for their services to France.

General Wolseley's troubles are beginning. He complains to the War Office that his advance has been retarded by the failure of the commissariat and transport service—always the weak point of the British forces in Egypt. The disaster to Colonel Stewart's party adds to the perils awaiting the relief expedition, which, as it approaches Berber, will have to depend, to a considerable degree, upon the goodwill of the Mudir of Dongola. It is reported that the Mahdi, hearing that provisions are fast giving out in Khartoum, is again rallying his forces to invest the place. But according to recent dispatches, General Gordon was in Sennaar, collecting taxes, and presumably provisions. Still later, he is reported as making a series of successful sorties around Berber. If this be the case, he is prepared for a continued and desperate defense of the Sudanese capital.

The Egyptian Ministry have revoked the order of suspension of payments to the Sinking Fund, thus causing the immediate collapse of the attempt to relieve the Egyptian Treasury. There is nothing for it, therefore, but that England shall come forward, as Nubar Pasha expected she would, with a timely loan for the payment of the current expenses of the Government.

The British Government has sent orders to the Governor of Cape Colony, to adopt the necessary steps to establish British authority in the Monrovia country. There are rumors of preparations to send a considerable body of troops to South Africa to reinforce the local garrisons. An invitation has been extended to the United States to send a representative to the Congo Conference at Berlin. It is understood that the business to be considered by the Conference will be limited to the regulation of the commerce of nations with the Congo country. It is announced that the commander of the German corvette hoisted the German flag in the ports of Segura, on the African slave coast, on September 5th, and placed the territory under German protection. The native chief gave his consent to the proceedings.

It is alleged that Oscar Wilde is already under the influence of his mother-in-law. It is also alleged that she turns the scale at 250. This will account for that portion of his recent lecture on Dress Reform where he advocates high waistbands and the loose robes of the Greeks, Assyrians and Egyptians.

THE Brigand of Mexico will soon be on show at a dime museum. His occupation's gone. Steam, wire and Winchester repeaters have wiped him out. If he takes to the road with a band, a thousand men are dispatched by the Government in pursuit, and the nearest tree after being caught seals his earthly doom. Señor Brigand has now "no show" in our sister Republic, as witness the prompt action of the State of Jalisco, which has turned out five thousand troops to hunt down Lozado's outlaws.

IS HE Sir Roger Tichborne or Orton, or Thomas Castro, the butcher of Wapping? The old question which was settled, or, at least, muzzled, when he was thrown into prison, is likely to demand a rehearing. For the claimant's ten years' imprisonment are up, and he is training his son to his business, teaching him "the intricacies of the case," and preparing him to go forth and attempt to lay hand on the great estate. A sad future is before the youth, especially if he believe in his father's pretence and have a reasonably sensitive nature. It does seem as if the press of the world had had its share of it, though, and we beg to be spared. The coming petitions to the Queen, the appeals to the Prince, the applications to court after court, the new "affidavits," the excited public meetings, the contributions for the petitioner's expenses—we cannot get along without recording them. It seems a calamity that another young life should be wrecked on this fatal hope, and that another generation is to be annoyed by the infinite botheration which another "Young Sir Roger" is capable of causing. But there is one consolation. The eminent counsel who gave his services to Orton the elder is dead, and it will be necessary to inoculate some other influential and able barrister with similar enthusiasm before the hope of greatly exas-

perating the reading world can be realized. Now it is obvious what the Bennett-Mackay cable was laid for!

THE defeat of Congressman Hurd in the Tenth Ohio District is one of the conspicuous incidents of the recent election in that State. Mr. Hurd is a gentleman of eminent ability and undoubted integrity of purpose, and his re-election would have been assured but for his pronounced free trade proclivities. A majority of the people of Ohio are still believers in the doctrine of Protection, and with that issue made prominent by the Republicans as it was in the recent contest, even the strongest and worthiest representatives of the opposite principle were unable to hold their ground.

WAS the wily Lord Dufferin fooling the wisacres of Belfast when he assured them the other day that his personal acquaintance with the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs would frustrate any designs the Muscovite might have upon the country outside of Merv? Assuming that the British Minister goes on the principle "If you'll scratch me, I'll scratch you," he will only in scratching a Russian catch a Tartar. Merv is now in the Bear's claws, and Herat is a most tempting morsel, so tempting that even Lord Dufferin's Russian friend might feel inclined to sacrifice friendship at the call of duty.

SO RAPIDLY do we become accustomed to the marvelous progress of the present decade that it has already ceased to excite surprise that the ocean can be comfortably crossed within a week, and, as in the case of the speed of the crack favorites of the turf, we are only left to wonder how much the time will be further reduced. But it is still a matter of interest to note the neck-and-neck speed of three great steamships which made the trip in what was practically the same time. The *Austral*, *Aurania* and *Arizona* left Queenstown October 5th within an hour of each other, and on the 12th arrived at Sandy Hook in the same order as they sailed, and with but a few minutes difference between them. Cutting the time of the ocean ferry down to five days would be no more wonderful than the accomplishment of such a feat.

THE Legislature of Vermont has honored itself and the State by the re-election of Justin S. Morrill to the United States Senate. Few men in public life have a more cleanly record, or have rendered more faithful service to the country, than Mr. Morrill. He first entered Congress in 1856, and after serving six terms in the House, in 1867 became a member of the Senate, where he has remained ever since, and where he will remain, if he lives, for six years longer. It is said of Mr. Morrill that he has never been absent but one day from his seat in the Senate during his whole term of service. His voice and his votes have always been on the side of sound finance and conservative legislation, and his re-election proves very conclusively that the people of Vermont appreciate at their true value the services he has rendered them and the country.

THE International Prime Meridian Conference has finally adopted the meridian of Greenwich, twenty-one nations voting in favor of it, one against it, and France and Brazil abstaining from voting. The Greenwich meridian suits the convenience of the world better than any other standard meridian, and its adoption will involve less change of maps and charts, and occasion less perplexity to seamen than the adoption of any other. A statement submitted at the Conference showed that the tonnage of shipping controlled by the Greenwich standard of longitude was, in round numbers, 14,000,000 tons, while that controlled by the Paris standard is only 1,735,000 tons. Greenwich is the prime, also, for our recently adopted railroad time standards, and one of the most effective arguments in favor of its universal acceptance was made by Mr. W. F. Allen, who was mainly instrumental in securing the establishment of the new standard time system.

ALTHOUGH strictly in accordance with the methods of red-tape routine, it seems like the autocratic fiat of some old-world sovereign, to bring a college into existence by the simple issuing of a general order. Yet this is precisely what Secretary Chandler has done in a document beginning, "A college is hereby established," etc. It is known as the "Naval War College," and the announced object is "an advanced course of professional study for naval officers," open to all above the grade of naval cadet. It will be located on Coaster's Harbor Island, Newport, and Commodore S. B. Luce has been assigned to duty as President. In the absence of a navy where the officers in that branch of service may have to deal with practical experiences, it can do no harm to still further increase their stock of theoretical knowledge. It is to be hoped these gentlemen students in uniform—or so many of them as have to do directly with the navigation of our alleged men-of-war—will become sufficiently proficient in course of time to enter so well known a body of water as New York Harbor without duplicating the collisions and gross blunders of calculation hitherto so frequent on such occasions. And the curriculum of this new college will be sadly deficient in accomplishing the greatest possible good if it fails to teach naval officers to distinguish, at a reasonable distance, the difference between a fatal Yankee clam-boat and the harmless war-ship of some belligerent power.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE aggregate Republican majority for Congressmen in Ohio is stated at 18,418.

THERE were snow-storms in New Hampshire and Maine on the morning of the 16th instant.

IN the West Virginia election, last week, the Republicans made large gains, but not enough to defeat the Democratic ticket, which was elected by 4,000 majority.

A BILL has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature by the opponents of capital punishment by hanging, providing for the execution of murderers by electricity.

MR. BLAINE last week extended his campaign tour into Michigan and Indiana, being everywhere received with great enthusiasm. General Butler spoke at points in New York and elsewhere.

A CUT in Western and local passenger rates by the West Shore Railroad is likely to lead to another railroad war, involving the Erie, New York Central and other roads.

FOREIGN.

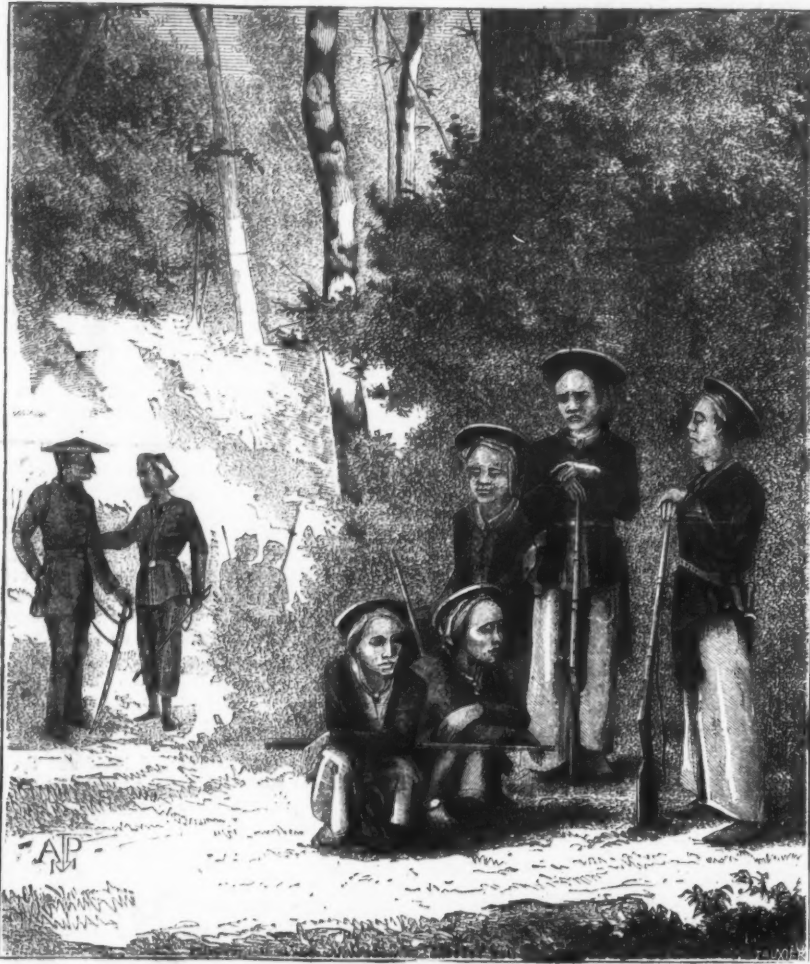
THE cholera ravages in Italy are abating, though the number of deaths still average about sixty daily.

THE negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, relative to legislation for Ireland, have been broken off.

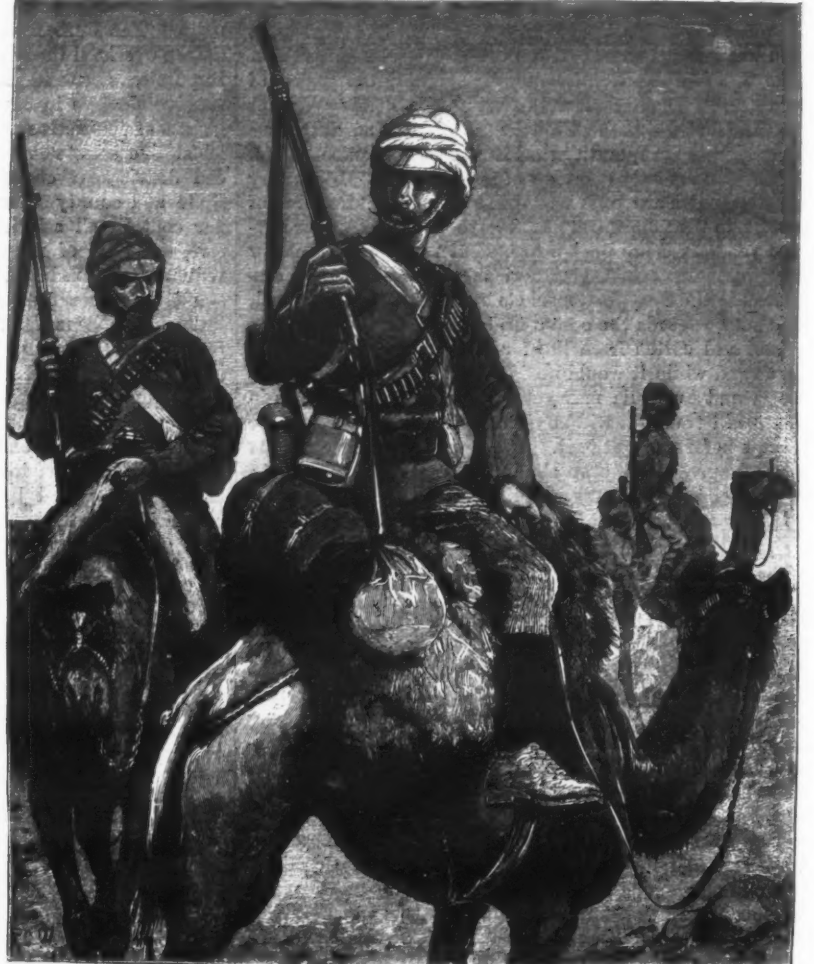
UNITED STATES MINISTER FOSTER has negotiated a new Spanish West India commercial treaty with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

THE picture of the Czar has been ordered removed from the hotels and restaurants of St. Petersburg because it is insulted by the public.

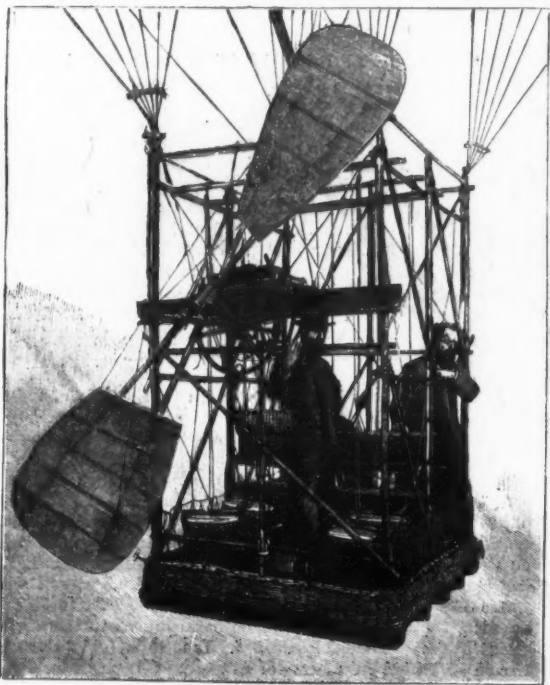
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



COCHIN-CHINA.—THE MATAS, OR NATIVE SOLDIERS.



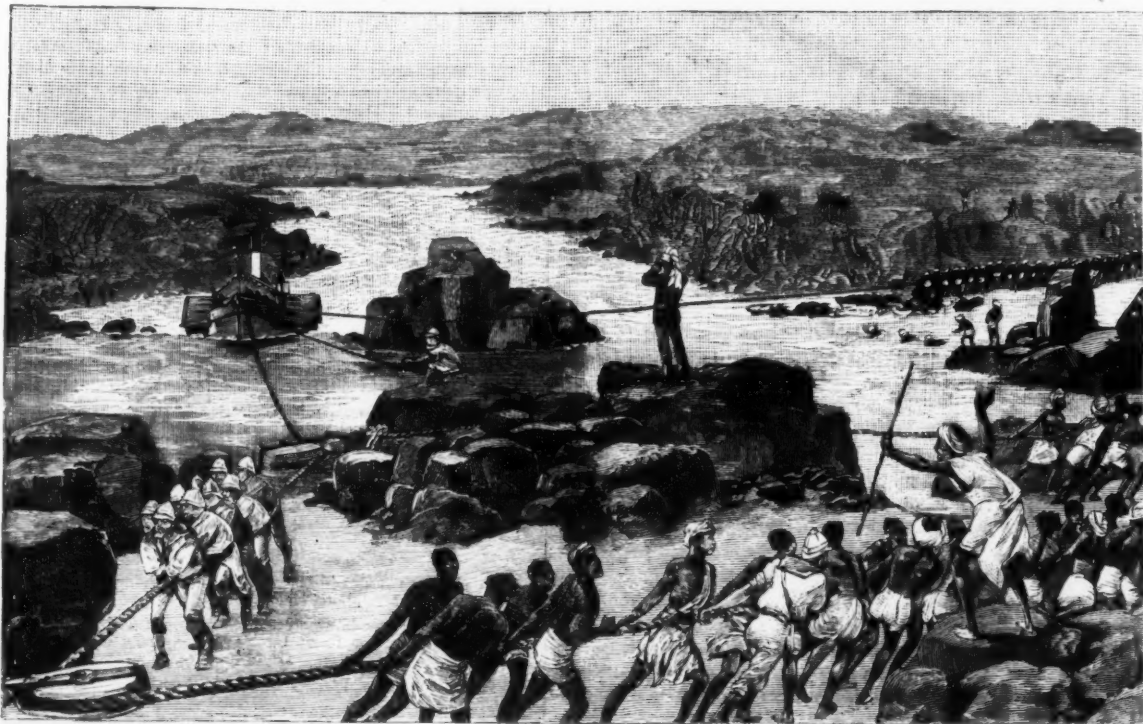
THE NILE EXPEDITION.—UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENTS OF THE CAMEL CORPS.



FRANCE.—THE CAR OF THE TISSANDIER ELECTRICAL AEROSTAT, RECENTLY TESTED IN PARIS.



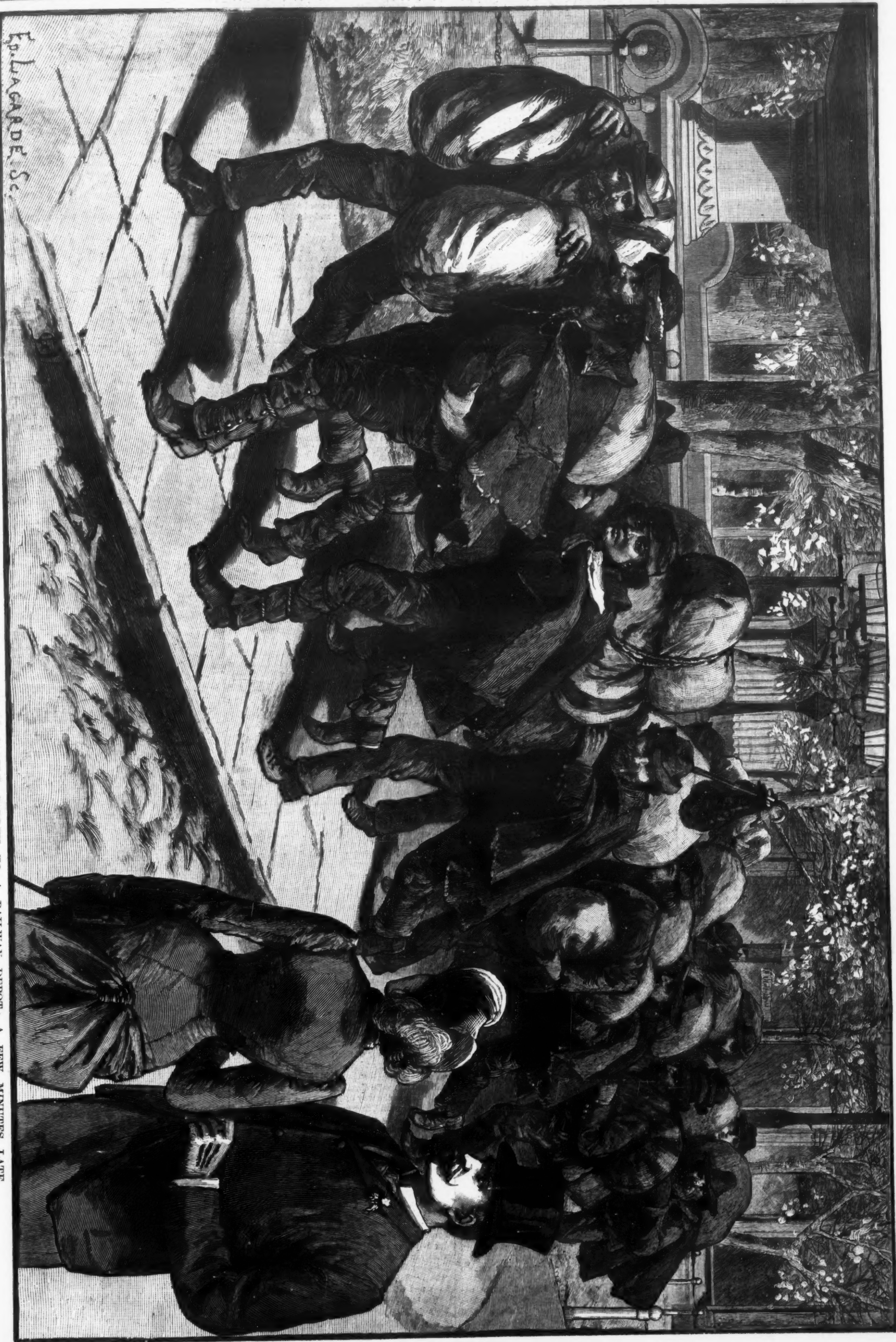
RUSSIA.—VIEW OF A TOWN IN GEORGIA.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—THE STEAMER NASSIF-KHEIR PASSING THE FIRST GATE OF THE SECOND CATARACT.



GEN. BRIERE DE L'ISLE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF FRENCH FORCES IN TONQUIN.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEWLY ARRIVED ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY FROM CASTLE GARDEN TO A RAILWAY DEPOT: A FEW MINUTES LATE.

FROM A SKETCH BY CITY HALL PARK.—SEE PAGE 134.

DIVIDED.

LOVE! between your heart and mine,
Division lies;
Where lurk the ghosts of distant days,
Dead memories.
Across the ocean's wide abyss,
From shore to shore,
We two may clasp our hands and kiss
On earth no more.
With eyelids wet, with vague regret
For the strange chance,
Which tore in shreds the golden threads
Of our romance.
Aghast I see the pallid wraith
Of Love pass by.
Love, that they say eternal lives
Tho' all things die.
Ah, well, the sky is changed—beneath
Whose light we met,
Now earth seems dark and heaven o'ercast
Our sun hath set.
Farewell, farewell! to different goals
Our pathways tend,
And yet we may, in some strange way,
Meet at the end.
In some new time, in some blue clime
Of unknown land,
Stand face to face, and meeting thus
Clasp hand in hand.
And in the bright, eternal years
All doubting o'er
Division dead, and heartache fled,
We may once more
Weave with the golden threads that broke
Long years before
A web of happy, happy Love
For evermore.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCESS.

BY NANNIE LANCASTER.

SHE wasn't much of a princess to look at, so perhaps it was just as well all around that her subjects only knew her by her voice—and when they wanted to hear it they had to go to Grimms's!

Grimms's wasn't much to look at either in the way of plumb-lines and right angles, but there was something more substantial than beauty to be had for your money once you were inside the doors. For Grimms's was a museum—the "wild, original and unique"—only nobody ever thought of calling it anything but Grimms's.

There it flared outside in the wintry darkness in red and green tulips of glass—Grimms's! There it twinkled again so high up the yellow wall that it made your neck crick to read its rainbow legend—Grimms's! Arched over the box-office in a white quiver of electric light—Grimms's! Out on the bill-boards and all over everywhere nothing but Grimms's, Grimms's, Grimms's!

When Grimms—the blood and bones Grimms, who was red instead of yellow, and was otherwise an expansive creation, all flash clothes outside and enterprise within—when Grimms, then, first set up the brazen dome in the middle of his "moral monstrosities from all quarters of the globe" and called on his patrons to consult the prophetic princess hidden beneath, the patrons looked on opened-eyed, but close-flashed. A nickle means five pennies—five beads of sweat from the honest brow—and as to risking them on an oracle whose fame so far was limited to the play-bills, well—perhaps they were not such fools as they looked!

Grimms looked on and saw it all—looked on with his hands in his pocket and his heart in his mouth. It was his first failure, at least it would have been except for that venturesome little woman, with her hair frizzled out like celery tips; and when she bustled out from the crowd and laid her lips against the little crevice in the glittering gauze, and then turned and put her ear there, and then turned again and dropped the nickle in and bustled off as if she knew something worth five dollars at the very cheapest, why Grimms could have gone down on his knees to her if he had been in the least that sort of a man—which he wasn't—for where one woman ventured other women must follow or die, and so, and so, the first thing Grimms knew, the fame of his Invisible Princess had impregnated the entire city, let alone the outside towns.

Yes, there were plenty of people who had turned up their noses at Grimms, and squared their shoulders at his show, but when it came to having among them a radiant young sorceress, with honeysuckle cheeks, and eyes like dew drops, and amber clouds of hair (there wasn't a doubt about her looks; didn't Grimms have it all down in black and white on the playbills, together with a sworn statement with six notary seals attached, of how he had exchanged four white sacred cows and a bag of gold with her father, the king, before he could tempt her to leave the land of the Sun? and besides, good gracious, were there not people, plenty of people, who had almost seen for themselves the outline of her jeweled grotto through the glittering indistinctness of her dome?) The world is only human after all, and so the new crowd surged in and mingled with the old one, till it became one big, squirming jam, all elbows and exclamations, that scrambled, and nudged, and bulged its eyes, and stood on its toes just to catch even a glimpse at the blazing realm of Grimms's Invisible Princess.

"I tell you, my friend, it's the voice as draws 'em, I don't care how spry the words be, bless her!" and the little crumb of a man, for whom the crowd had gaped long enough to let him hobble out of it, looked up at the big man traveling beside him, and smiled.

The big man chanced to be Grimms, and Grimms chanced to be gracious.

"Yes," he assented, with a wave of his big hand that was all pink fat and diamonds, "it looks like it paid to reduce the unknown future to five cents a head—been investing?"

"But it ain't the savings," persisted the little man, meditatively; "it's the voice—the voice of a

patient creature in pain—I know, poor thing, poor thing!" and then he ambled off to watch the curious yellow gentleman eat penknives, while Grimms put his pink hands behind him and stared.

There was plenty to stare at, goodness knows, only a man isn't apt to let his hair stand on end over monstrosities he has to pay every Saturday night regular, or off they go; and besides, Grimms had his eye—his mind's eye—at that particular moment on no less a personage than his Invisible Princess, and this is what he saw: A yard's space of floor, with a girl cramped under a cage of rusty wire-netting. In her lap, a battered heap of wizard books; beside her, a pair of strong, shabby crutches; at her feet, a small square of trap-door, deep, black and Danteish—only Grimms didn't trouble the classics to give the pit a name.

"It ain't no paradise and that's the cold fact!" he muttered, "still, if the public go in for them kind of voices, why—"

And by the time he had got that far a big gong set up a prolonged stammering noise as if it wanted everybody to know the melodrama was commencing below-stairs, only it couldn't say the words, and that brought the orchestra in from the balcony, where it had been playing a good half hour under rows of Chinese lanterns and no end of illuminated red and blue glass stars, and that set the crowd to scampering after them, and then Grimms, full to the lips with enterprise, went down and plastered himself in the wings to watch the goings on of his blue satin heroine, who was imploring somebody to do something, to moonlight and slow music, when a light, swift touch was laid upon his arm, and Grimms looked down upon his Invisible Princess.

"Receipts, eh?" he said, taking the tin box from the small twisted creature, and smiling in his free, kindly fashion straight down into her eyes; "how much to-night, my dear?"

"I didn't keep count to-night," answered the princess, lowering her own eyes to the floor; "but it seems even heavier than usual—don't you think?" And then she lifted them again, this time anxiously, to his face.

Grimms eyed the box, and shifted it till a satisfactory chuckle came up through the slit in its top; then he smiled again, and down again went the eyes of the princess.

"That's right, my girl, it can't weigh too heavy for business, not if it was millstones; but you mustn't get pecky, you know, and lose interest. Your line wants all the cuteness you can bring to bear on it. What seems to be the matter, eh?"

"Only the old trouble," she answered, with a friendly little nod at her crutches and with something that came near being a dimple and was beyond all doubt a blush, flashing into her cheeks at such extravagant praise from the great Grimms, who aspired to nothing but scold; "but that's nothing when you get used to it. I—I sometimes think it's the wind that comes up the trap."

"It is a cramped-up hole," he admitted, more to the little crumb of a man who had spoken to him an hour ago, than to the small, twisted creature at his side.

"I'm all very gorgeous on the outside, though," said the girl, laughingly. "I often wonder what the people would say if the stage-door was to be left open some very, very windy night, and my roof should blow over, and they could see me humped up like an ugly chicken in a coop."

"But it isn't going to blow over," interrupted Grimms, who did not like the idea at all, and meant to post a fine for leaving the door open the first thing in the morning. "And you look sharp, my girl, and keep on drawing 'em the way you are a-drawing 'em now, and there won't be no need for me to look out a spryer hand—do you hear?"

She knew that he had only consented to give her a trial after searching in vain throughout the length and breadth of the museum employés; the cornet, who got her the position, told her so when he brought her the news—bless him for the best landlord that ever lived!—but there was nothing in the grateful smile she gave him to indicate her knowledge.

"Thank you, sir. I don't think I am going back on the profits; I am trying harder all the time, I am indeed." And when she had said that she said good-night with it, and turning around on her crutches hobbled deftly away. Through the wings, and with never so much as a glance at the green-room, she swung herself along, hip-hop through the black passage, and hop-hip down some time-eaten stairs until there was the gusty stage-door, and against it, with his boots sprawled out and his face in a pucker, leaned Tom.

"Ain't a-going?" he called out, and his voice had a pucker in it, too; "thought you were going to strike Grimms fur passes, dang it!"

"I'm not very well to-night, Tom," said the girl, with a look of motherly pride at the lobster-red boy, whose breath was steaming like a kettle on the boil; "I don't fail you often, and besides, it's really very poor, there isn't a drop of blood to be squeezed out of the whole play, and you know you have such a taste for blood, dear."

The boy puckered his face into a new and more intricate pattern, and shuffled the snow from his boots.

"There's a drowin'!" he protested, sulkily.

"And what's that to the blow-up in the Pirates next week. You'll be so glad you waited, and now do be a nice boy and we'll stop at the baker's and get a hot pie."

"A apple-pie?" he questioned, in a business tone that had a mollified streak in it.

"An apple-pie, and, what's more, you can do the halving."

A boy is not an elevating type of human nature. The boots left off shuffling. The puckers widened a bit here, and stretched a good deal there, and softened all over till there was Tom's face in one broad flame of ecstasy, his ears set

back, his black eyes twinkling, his teeth laughing out like big white squares of shining pearls.

"All right; but say, Chris, don't meddle like that with my comforter, my ears might chip off I tell you what, there's lots of weather going on outside. Now, then, ain't she a blizzard?"

He opened the door, and the girl swept nimbly out into the rough, snowy night.

A rough night, indeed, with the wind catching up great heaps of snow and whirling it in their faces, with more snow up to their shoe-tops, and more snow again falling upon them in cold, powdery flakes from the icy darkness above. Still it was snow, and the two young things plodded cheerily through it till the bakeshop was reached. The pie bought and buttoned up—a steaming brown-paper parcel—inside of Tom's heavy jacket.

"If they would only slap these ears sort o' mustard plasters on a fellow in heaven," sighed the small boy, fervently, "I don't know but what you would see me a growin' piouser and piouser every—"

"Oh, Tom!"

But Tom only laughed out in the snowy darkness and gave a disastrous hug to his arms.

"I bet Shindy Mulligan ain't a pie-eating to-night," he ended up, with a triumphant chuckle.

"As I came along I heard a chap singing out his papers half price, and there was old Shindy dead stuck with a armful of Stars under his wing—Stars, mind you!" and then, by way of variety, Tom whistled.

Of course Chris laughed, too. Was not Tom the very brightest, best boy in all the world? And as they plodded along the white silence of the streets she kept her small pale face turned lovingly, proudly towards him.

"No, sir-ee, you don't catch me stuck on Stars, and when I buy Patsy Noonan's route— Say, Chris, when am I going to buy it? Ain't you tapped Grimms yet for a raise?"

"Why no, Tom, not yet. We must make sure I'm worth five dollars a week before I ask for ten. You are not very patient, Tom."

"Bosh!"

"It was not a very pretty word, but it was effective—the way Tom said it."

"Oh, come now, Tom," objected the princess, reproachfully; "I told you I would attend to it, and you know I will keep my word—just you see."

The young gentleman entered his whole soul and body in a grunt this time, and kicked the snow back with his heels.

"Indeed I will, Tom."

"Oh, let up!" he blurted out, stormily. "D'y'e suppose I believe you? Anybody would think old Grimms was gold to hear you go on. Some sisters would be a thinkin' of how they was a spilin' of my prospects fur me; but much you care. Anybody but your own brother, oh, no—"

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried, stopping in the black night and laying her hand on his arm, which he very promptly shook off, "who else have I to think of but you? What is there in all the world for me to plan and pray for but your success in life? You do me wrong, Tom; indeed, indeed you do!"

"Oh, hang it!" he mumbled, with a shake of his burly young figure and a shamefaced lowering of his head; "a fellow can't say a mouthful of common sense but what you begin cryin' all over him. I never see such a girl. Come on, can't you?"

"I didn't mean to cry," she said, humbly. "I'm not very well to-night. There was such a din and clatter and so many questions that it made my brain red hot with the excitement of getting them answered; and they laughed so loud, Tom, when I got them right that it made me want to get out in the cold and the wind to cry. But I'm done now, Tom, dear."

"I don't see what good snivelling does," said the boy, sneaking one red paw under her shawl as if he had not the slightest idea it was there, and would be very indignant indeed if he knew it. "Say, Christie, you being so mealy-mouthed, how would it do fur me ter speak ter Grimms? He might knuckle under easier if he knew he had ter deal with me!"

"Oh, no, Tom," she cried, nervously, "that would never do! I—I will speak to him, indeed I will; and, besides, he told me only to-night that he hoped—hoped he would not have to take my place away from me. He did indeed, Tom. But I will do anything you say, Tom, so I will—ask him to-morrow, if you wish!"

The frost of selfishness that crusted the boy's heart melted at her words, so far as to reduce him to a shamefaced silence. Chris knew what that meant, bless you! so she just drew his hand, scrubby little paw under her shawl and hopped along chattering and laughing till they came to the big bronze lamp that flared in front of the church.

It was a granite church, that gave itself a good many airs in the way of lofty spires and spacious wealth of ground, and just where the iron railings arched to form a gateway ran three stone steps. Three mounds of snow they were now, with—Tom was the first to spy it—a black, indistinct heap thrown across them that was in its turn powdered with the swiftly falling snow.

"Well, I wish I may never!" he called out, in a gust of excitement, as he stooped over the heap and commenced exploring its depths; "if it ain't a woman, Christie, and as dead as a—"

But she wasn't as dead as a door-nail, at all, if that's what he meant, and I suppose it was, being Tom; for just as Christie leaned over his shoulder a quiver ran through the heap and a faint whimper came from out of its folds.

"Poor thing! oh, poor thing!" cried the princess. "Here, Tom, run your hand under her back and lift her up—so."

The big lamp flared down in their faces as the boy raised the almost frozen creature, and Chris gently wiped the snow from its face.

It was a very old woman indeed—a crumpled up

little old woman, who stared vacantly about her and whimpered like a little old child.

Then Tom stared at the princess, and the princess stared at Tom.

"Off her head," said the boy, with a shake of his own.

"I'm afraid so," whispered Chris; "but we can't leave her here, Tom. We must try and find her home."

For answer he held his hands to his mouth and blew in them, then he flapped himself with his arms, then he shuffled, then he grabbed at the crumpled up old woman as if she had been an armful of wood, and lifted her chattering and whimpering to her feet.

"This ain't no night ter be promenadin' round ringin' door-bells," he panted, when he had divided his burden equally between the princess and himself; "let's make fur home; I'm a freezin', I am!"

The girls cheeks flushed with pleasure, and her eyes danced.

"You are such a boy, Tom," she cried, admiringly; "and say, Tom, wouldn't it be splendid if—we have always wanted a grandmother, let's adopt her!"

"I don't know," answered the boy, eyeing his proposed relative doubtfully, as they plodded along; "they costs no end in tea and snuff and lump sugar reg'lar. Still, Chris,"—artfully—"if old Grimms was ter do the fair thing by you, why, I'm willin'."

"You needn't be afraid, Tom!" she cried, bravely. "I mean to ask him the very first thing to-morrow evening. Just you wait and see!"

But Tom had made up his small mind that he meant to see Grimms the very first thing in the morning. Chris couldn't possibly object now that they meant to set up a grandmother; but, all the same, he meant to say nothing about it until he had returned victorious from the fray; and so, shoving and pulling and lifting their ancient prize between them, they got home at last and laid her in Christie's small white bed.

Then Tom unbuttoned his jacket.

"Dang it!" he growled. "Grandmother's done busted the pie!"

The next morning Grimms was walking his office with his hands behind him and his eyes on the floor. The hands were tremulous, the eyes were red, for—I dare say he would have knocked anybody down who had hinted at it but—Grimms had been crying, and he showed for it bad.

There was a window in the office, and by it a desk, and at it a man. Mr. Jackson was his name, and he was such a wooden-faced, brown sort of a Mr. Jackson, that one could scarcely tell where the desk left off and he began, and he held in his hands a paper which he had just been reading aloud.

"I suppose that is all you can say," admitted Grimms, with something very like a sob, because it was one; "read it again."

"Two hundred dollars reward—"

"Make it three," interrupted Grimms, chokingly.

"Three hundred dollars reward! Lost, strayed or stolen, one aged lady arrayed in black. Was last seen—"

And just then tap, tap! went the door, round went the knob, and there was Tom in the opening as big as life, which meant about three feet seven.

The man stopped reading, and Grimms growled out like his very fiercest bear, or lion, or whatever it is that does the growling, and Tom's eyes grew round and scared.

But he was a very determined sort of boy, was Tom, when once he had made up his mind to do or die; and so, gripping his mangy cap between his fingers, he told his story, and got very promptly kicked out for his pains.

"Raise her pay, indeed!" roared Grimms, as he slammed the door and strode fiercely across the room. "As if I wasn't badgered out of my senses already! I'll discharge her, that's what I'll do! Grandmother be— What are you getting up for, Jackson? Sit down, sir; d'y'e hear?"

But Mr. Jackson put on his hat and kept on towards the door, and most likely would have gone through it, when—when—ain't it wonderful how things will happen?—all at once something flashed across Grimms's brain that sent his body flashing to the door in time to bar Mr. Jackson's flight.

"I rather think," cried Grimms, with a great pink smile coming into his face that deepened into a red-purplish chuckle—"I rather think, Mr. Jackson, I'm the cleverest man of the two. Suppose you hand over that paper—it isn't printed and never will be, because I'm going to see the princess and claim my own reward!"

There was really nothing for Mr. Jackson to do after that but sit down again, which he very meekly did, while Grimms put on his hat, and, stepping out into the bright, cold streets, walked on, and on, and on, till he came to the shabby little home of his invisible princess, when he stopped and pulled the bell.

The cornet, with his instrument coiled up in his arms like a great yellow serpent, opened the door and nearly petrified with conflicting emotions when he saw his employer standing outside, but as Grimms's business related to the second-floor only, the little landlord bowed him up, and then went back in his stuffy sitting-room, where he nearly blew his head off in the effort to attract favorable attention to his study.

When the princess opened her door her cheeks flushed up like strawberries, and her eyes were nothing less than stars.

"It is my employer," she explained, ushering him shyly into the presence of a little black-robed woman with a milk-white handkerchief crossed on her breast. "Won't you please to sit down, Mr. Grimms?"

No; Grimms wouldn't do anything of the kind. He just went over to the little old woman and took her in his plaid-coated arms.

"How could you do it, mother?" he sobbed out like a great lubberly baby. "How could you run away?"

The little old woman tossed her head and whimpered:

"I told you I wouldn't put up with the fat woman, and that I hated that albino with her horrid wiggling ways. I ain't been used to them sort o' critters to hum in the country, and you ought to a-knowed better than to put me on the top floor of a show; but I ain't a-going back," she wound up, with a triumphant nod at Chris. "I mean to live here along a' my gran'darter."

"But you must go home," protested Grimms, who was really a kindly man way down deep in his heart once you found your way there.

"But I won't—unless Chris goes, too."

Then Chris blushed beautifully, and Grimms—indeed, *indeed* he did!—and then the clever little old woman laughed and clapped her hands like the little old fairy-godmother in the play.

And Chris did go, and there she staid; and I just wish you could see Tom once! I don't suppose there's another route like Tom's in the whole town, and as to pies, that boy will most likely come to his death on account of pies, his grandmother makes him such prime ones, and hot!

As to Grimms. Well, if you were to undertake to-day to tell Grimms that he only went to Christie so that he could get his runaway without offering a reward, and that he meant to increase her salary a dollar a week by way of atonement to Tom's back, he would most likely make you see stars, and serve you right at that!

When a man is married and happy, what is the use of showing him the seamy side of his past? and that you may know he is happy just you buy a ticket to his show; you will be sure to find him in the box-office, and then keep straight up-stairs to the big, shining mound in the centre of the floor, and have your fortune told for you by Grimms's Invisible Princess.

THE OHIO ELECTION—SCENES IN COLUMBUS.

THE State election in Ohio on the 14th instant, was one of intense excitement, and the scenes in some of the large cities were marked by unusual turbulence. In Cincinnati several conflicts took place between the United States deputy-marshals and the police force and deputy-sheriffs, and also between the police and negro voters. Fire-arms were freely used, and nine persons were more or less seriously wounded, while one was killed outright. The scenes on election night, as the returns began to come in, and it became apparent that the Republicans had won, were altogether indescribable. In the towns and cities the victors went wild with enthusiasm, and the night was made hideous by the deafening din of their jubulations. In the City of Columbus bands of music paraded the streets, bonfires blazed, fireworks sputtered and glowed, and vast multitudes of delighted Republicans, singing and cheering and shouting, testified their intense satisfaction at the result. The returns, as rapidly as received, were announced in the manner shown in our illustration, being thrown against an illuminated screen in full view of the assembled populace.

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

IN our picture of a gang of newly-arrived Italian immigrants, laden with nondescript burdens of baggage, and lumbering along the pavement at a heavy dog-trot to the railway depot, the artist gives a spirited and faithful representation of a scene that is familiar in cosmopolitan New York, especially in the lower part of the city. Ever since the old "castle" at the Battery was converted from an opera-house into an immigrant depot, it has been one of the sights of the metropolis, on account of the congress of nations which is daily to be witnessed there. Italians, Hungarians, Scandinavians, Russians, and even Turks and Arabs, to say nothing of the large representation from the British Isles, throng the grim structure and the adjacent park. Being of the peasant classes, they almost invariably retain the quaint garb of their native homes. The Italians furnish especially characteristic examples. They appear at Castle Garden precisely as they did a month ago on the Roman Campagna or in the slums of Naples. What with their shaggy cloaks, comical hats, leather leggings, cross-garters, earrings, bright-colored neck-kerchiefs and swarthy complexions, their make-up is strikingly brigandish. As they stand about in groups beneath the rotunda, they look like the materialized spirits of the operatic choruses which sang there in the days of Mario. Far more utilitarian is their destiny. They are to go West or South to build our railroads and aqueducts, and work in the mines. The contractor or agent will soon organize them into squads and hurry them off to the immigrant train, as shown in the engraving. The Italians are industrious and thrifty, and save money out of very meagre earnings. Some of those whom we see herding through the streets will probably, in the course of a few years, accumulate a modest competence and return to Italy; while others, perchance, will rise from building railroads to gambling in them, and run the risk of being disgraced by their daughters marrying coachmen.

THE HOCKING VALLEY TROUBLES.

OUR illustration on page 152 portrays graphically a scene which is characteristic of the present troublous state of affairs in the Hocking Valley mining district in Southern Ohio. The striking miners hold out grimly, and day by day see their places taken by "black" laborers, as they term the cheap imported negroes, Swedes, Italians and Hungarians. These latter are protected by the company's guards, and an encampment of Pinkerton's men. The sight of guards and "blacks" is maddening to the shut-out miners, and as the former pass to and from the mines they are assailed with taunts, jeers and imprecations.

The strike has already lasted more than four months. The desperation of the unfortunate miners naturally increases with their distress. There can be no doubt that the company's course has been such as to aggravate the troubles, and to precipitate such acts of violence as the outbreak of September and the incendiarism of last week.

Almost from the first the steps of the striking miners have been dogged by Pinkerton's men in a manner to turn peaceful men into rioters. Collision was inevitable. The siege still goes on, and probably there will be a good deal more of loss and suffering, if not bloodshed, before either side shall change its mind.

To the figurative heat of indignation and strife have been added, during the past week, the real flames of burning mines. How or by whom the fires were started cannot be definitely ascertained. Four of the principal mines of Straitsville, the largest town in Perry County, and where several of the furnaces of the great syndicate are located, were discovered on fire on the 14th instant.

These mines lie far back from the railroad, among the lofty hills, and consist of horizontal tunnels or drifts right into the side of the hill, instead of perpendicular shafts, as in more level coal regions. At a point up on the hilltop a shaft is drilled down through the hill, so as to strike this horizontal tunnel, and constitute a chimney, which creates a draft and keeps a strong current of air moving steadily in through the mouth of the mine. All night the flames shot up over a hundred feet high from the air-shafts, lighting the hills for twenty miles and burning down several immense trees in the thick woods that surrounded the mines. The increased force of Pinkerton men being found unnecessary and only serving to excite the miners to riot by their presence, were taken away by the request of the Mayor of Straitsville, and a number of striking miners then turned in to fight the fire. The men had their work of shutting off the drafts nearly completed when a troop of imported "blacklegs," guarded by the Pinkerton men, came upon the scene. At once the men demurred and declared they would do nothing more under the influence of blue-coated aliens and Winchester rifles. Such is the situation at the present writing. It will probably take several weeks to extinguish the fires and cool down the mines. Whether the strikers will be cooled down within the same period is another thing.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S RECEPTION IN BROOKLYN.

A GREAT Democratic demonstration took place in the City of Brooklyn on the 16th instant. Two of the principal features were a barbecue at Ridgewood Park and a parade in honor of Governor Cleveland, who was the guest of the Democracy of the city. In the forenoon, the Governor was given receptions in the Academy of Music and the Pierpont House, where he was waited upon by a large number of prominent citizens. The procession was some three miles in length and was one of the most notable which has been seen in Brooklyn. The Governor rode in an open carriage drawn by four horses, and was everywhere received with great enthusiasm. The streets were crowded with people, and the houses in many places gayly festooned. When passing No. 90 Lafayette Avenue, some fifty children dressed in white appeared with hands full of flowers which they threw into the Governor's carriage. By his order the procession halted, when one little miss approached, and, handing him a bouquet, expressed a hope that he would be elected. He accepted the bouquet and shook the little girl's hand. Her companions surrounded the carriage, and they also insisted on shaking hands with the Governor. The immense crowd cheered, and as the carriage rolled away the little ones waved their handkerchiefs with joy.

The procession reached the park shortly after two o'clock, amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of the crowd already on the ground. In the large dining-room of the hotel was spread a table for 250 guests. Three oxen had been roasted, and were ready for carving at twelve o'clock. They were Kentucky steers, and weighed in the aggregate of 5,500 pounds. The beef was cut in juicy slices, while a corps of forty men made them up into delicious sandwiches. It is estimated that the multitude consumed 60,000 sandwiches, washed down with 5,000 kegs of beer. Later in the day, Governor Cleveland made a brief address to the multitude, and in the evening reviewed a torch-light parade.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

We give a portrait of General Briere de l'Isles, the Commander-in-chief of the French forces in China, who ranks among the more notable soldiers of France. He has recently come into prominence in connection with the operations in Tonquin, and where, apparently, by no fault of his, further movements are likely to be delayed until the arrival of heavy reinforcements. Late dispatches report a series of desperate engagements at Chu, where, on the 9th instant, Colonel Donnier captured a large entrenched Chinese camp, with a loss of only 110 men killed and wounded—the Chinese losses being stated at 3,000 killed. The wreck of the Chinese army fled to Lang-son, and the French advance has been arrested in that direction.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

We give an illustration of the method by which the steamboats of the Nile expedition was hauled up the Second Cataract, or rapids, between Wady Halfa and Semneh. The operation is similar to that frequently witnessed by tourists in Upper Egypt at the First Cataract, between Assuan and Mahattah. Several hundred Arabs or Nubian negroes are employed with ropes to tow a vessel through the intricate and winding passages among the granite rocks that lie in the bed of the river. Three or four ropes are generally attached to the bow of the vessel, and each is held by a special gang of haulers, who take their stand at different points, and with much shouting to each other contrive by joint action to bring her head, this way or that, in the direction of safety and forward progress. Some of them are on the river's bank; others get upon the rocks in mid-channel, wading or swimming to and fro; but, for the Englishmen and others who, in the instance illustrated, had to cross the river at a wider part, a hawser was stretched right across, fastened to the shore at each end, and a boat, with some running tackle laid on the hawser, was used to ferry them over. In some cases, several days have been required to haul a vessel through the rapids. A late report quotes General Wolsley as saying that the difficulty of passing the cataracts has been exaggerated, but it is evidently sufficiently formidable at the best. The Canadians are proving well adapted to the work of navigating the rapids, but the native boatmen are deserting. We also give an illustration of the equipment of the camel corps which is being formed of the guards and detachments of British regiments at Lower Egypt. They will, of course, act in the field as mounted infantry,

though composed in great part of soldiers belonging to cavalry regiments. A dispatch of the 13th instant says that General Wolsley has ordered a concentration of a camel corps, 1,200 strong, at Dongola, and it is supposed that he intends to make a march over the desert *via* Merawe or Berber.

THE TISSANDIER BROTHERS' ELECTRIC AEROSTAT.

It is but a few weeks since we gave an illustration of the electric aerostat of Captains Renard and Krebs, which was successfully tested at Mendon, near Paris, on the 9th of August last. This notable experiment was followed September 26th by another of a similar nature, which brought forward a second dirigible air-ship propelled by electricity, the invention of the brothers Albert and Gaston Tissandier. The Tissandiers have been at work upon their balloon for several years, and in 1883 made a partially successful public experiment. In some respects it resembles that of Messrs. Renard and Krebs; in others, especially in the construction of the car, it is quite novel. This car, of which we give a representation, is a light bamboo cage suspended from the covering of the balloon, and containing the dynamo-electric machine which operates the screw. The machine has one and a half horse-power, and drives the screw at the rate of 190 revolutions per minute. Above and to the rear of the screw is the large rudder of sail-cloth, the ropes of which connect with the cage. The ascent of September 26th was made from the workshops at Auteuil, Paris. The balloon passed over the Grenelle and Luxembourg suburbs, performing various evolutions, bringing about in obedience to the rudder, and even making progress against a light wind. A two hours' voyage was made, and the aerostat landed at Marolles-en-Brie, having traveled a distance of about fifteen miles in two hours. The Tissandier brothers have made an interesting communication to the French Academy describing their experiment, and have received the felicitations of that distinguished body. The day of successful aerial navigation appears to be at hand.

A TOWN IN GEORGIA.

Our illustration of a town in Georgia, in Russian Transcaucasia, portrays with striking vividness the character of the old-time architecture which still obtains in buildings of one sort and another in that ancient country. Georgia has made considerable progress during the last half century, but it is still marked in many respects by medieval characteristics. The population of Georgia proper is about 600,000, of which three-fourths are natives and the remainder representatives of nationalities which have come in since the Russians acquired possession of the country in 1800.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE puppet show at Milan, which was the wonder of Dickens when there during his Italian tour, has been so enlarged and improved that many find it more entertaining than the poor performances at the Scala Theatre.

THE British emigration statistics for the nine months ending on September 30th show a decline of 70,000, over 30,000 of the number being Irish. The total number of British-born persons who have left the islands since January 1st is 200,078.

AN "art exhibit" in honor of the St. Paul Railway has reached Milwaukee in the shape of an eight-foot locomotive and tender, built out of different varieties of grain—barley, wheat, oats, rye and corn, together with flax, wild grasses, and prairie flowers.

FRENCH population statistics for the year 1883 show an excess of births over deaths of 96,843—the lowest excess since 1880. There were some 2,000 more marriages than formerly. This year, of course, both rates are much lower, so that the population has practically been stationary.

JUDGE PRATT, of the Supreme Court, has decided, on appeal from the decision of the Tax Commissioners, that the taxes on personal property and structures of the elevated railroads in New York city for several years past has been nearly one-half too much, and he reduces them accordingly.

LETTERS in the London Times paint a sad picture of German oppression in Schleswig, where the Danish population is made to feel the alien domination in all its harshness. Even schoolgirls are punished if they speak among themselves in Danish. Railway conductors are discharged for some slight offense, while a maiden's birthday party has been broken up by gendarmes and all those present arrested and fined because the girls were singing an old Danish folk song.

THE British Government have formally decided to annex the southern shores of New Guinea and certain adjacent islands. It is yet unsettled whether they will take the Solomon and other groups. Negotiations are proceeding in Paris which may lead to an important arrangement between England, France and Germany on the principle of protection in view of the opening of the Panama Canal, and of the Pacific islands becoming important to European commerce with Australasia as coaling depots and the like.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 11th.—In Yonkers, N. Y., Ethan Flagg, President of the First National Bank of that city, aged 64 years. OCTOBER 12th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. O. J. O'Brien, assistant priest of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, aged 81 years; in New York, the Rev. Joseph Roesch, assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, aged 65 years; in New York, Henry T. Anthony, of the firm of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., photographic supplies, aged 70 years. OCTOBER 13th.—In New York, William F. Kintzing, the well-known criminal lawyer, aged 45 years. OCTOBER 15th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., William B. Lewis, secretary and treasurer of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, aged 66 years. OCTOBER 16th.—In Washington, D. C., Brigadier-general Benjamin Alvord, aged 71 years; in New York, David Anderson, the well-known actor, aged 71 years; in New York, Hamilton Blydenburgh, a well-known business man, aged 74 years; in New York, Colonel Vernon K. Stevenson, prominent in railroad affairs, aged 72 years. OCTOBER 17th.—In Dublin, Ireland, Alexander Martin Sullivan, the well-known Irish leader, aged 54 years; in Paris, France, Paul Lacroix, novelist, dramatist and antiquary, aged 78 years; in Mobile, Ala., Dr. F. A. Ross, a prominent physician of that city, aged 65 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., De Witt Mathews, of the New York Produce Exchange.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A WOMAN's medical college has been opened at Kingston, Ont.

A BILL before the Vermont Legislature provides a bounty of from 50 cents to \$1.50 per bushel for grasshoppers, according to the season in which they are killed.

OYSTER cultivators are now studying the feature of changing the flavor of oysters by removing them from deep salt water to shallow fresh streams. This is said to result in an improvement in their flavor and quality.

IN New Zealand they prefer Polish Jews to British noblemen as representatives. At a recent election for the representation of Oamaru, Mr. Shrimski, a Polish Jew, beat Lord Reidhaven, heir to the earldom of Leathfield, all to nothing.

A WONDERFUL chasm has recently been discovered in San Luis, Obispo County, Cal. An adventurous explorer was lowered into it to the depth of 4,000 feet without finding any bottom. The sides of the chasm are covered with magnificent cream-colored stalactites.

THERE is an alluring array of prizes offered for the winning plants in the great scarlet geranium display at the American Institute Fair in New York city. The exhibition is the first of the kind in this country, and thousands of plants have been entered for the competition.

THE German Army-Commissariat has received orders to purchase all grain, breadstuffs and provender for horses direct from the producers, and to avoid all middlemen in his purchases. The order is directed against the grain speculators in the country, who are chiefly Hebrews.

DYNAMITE has found a new field in Canada. An explosion in the new Parliament building at Quebec, some days since, has caused great excitement, and brought out the military guards in full force both there and in Ottawa. The building is so badly shattered that probably a great portion of it will have to be rebuilt.

THE closing of Kiev university has greatly incensed the educated classes of Russia. The excitement among the students in that country is increasing. It is reported that the university at Charkoff has been closed. The Russian Government has resolved to proceed against the rebellious students with the utmost rigor.

THE Electrical Exposition at Philadelphia, which closed on the 11th instant, was a great success. The estimated total of visitors is 300,000, and the largest attendance in any one day was 16,624. In round numbers, the receipts amount to \$100,000, of which \$90,000 has been paid away in general expenses, leaving \$10,000 profit.

A PRIVATE letter from Captain Alexander Wilson, of the bark *Flourine*, dated Irvington, Greenland, September 12th, reports the finding of a quantity of relics from the lost *Jeannette*. Captain Wilson sailed from Irvington on September 20th, and is expected at Philadelphia during the present month, with further particulars of the discovery.

A COMMISSION of experts, both in favor of and opposed to vaccination, will meet in Berlin about the end of the present month to discuss the general introduction of vaccination, and the best method of carrying it out. The opponents of vaccination are greatly in the minority, and among the most enthusiastic of those in favor of it is the celebrated Dr. Koch.

THE dispatch boat *Dolphin*, the first ship of the new navy, has been completed at the yards of John Roach & Son, Chester, Pa. She is 240 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 18 feet deep. Her coal bunkers have a capacity sufficient to enable her to run 1,000 miles. She is intended only for coast service. In her trial trip to New York she made an average of fifteen knots an hour.

A CHRISTIAN CONVENTION was held in Brooklyn last week, under the auspices of the evangelists, Moody and Sankey, for the purpose of considering questions of practical church work. The convention was the first of a series which it is proposed to hold in the larger cities of the East, with a view to arousing the churches to the work of evangelizing the masses who are without religious instruction.

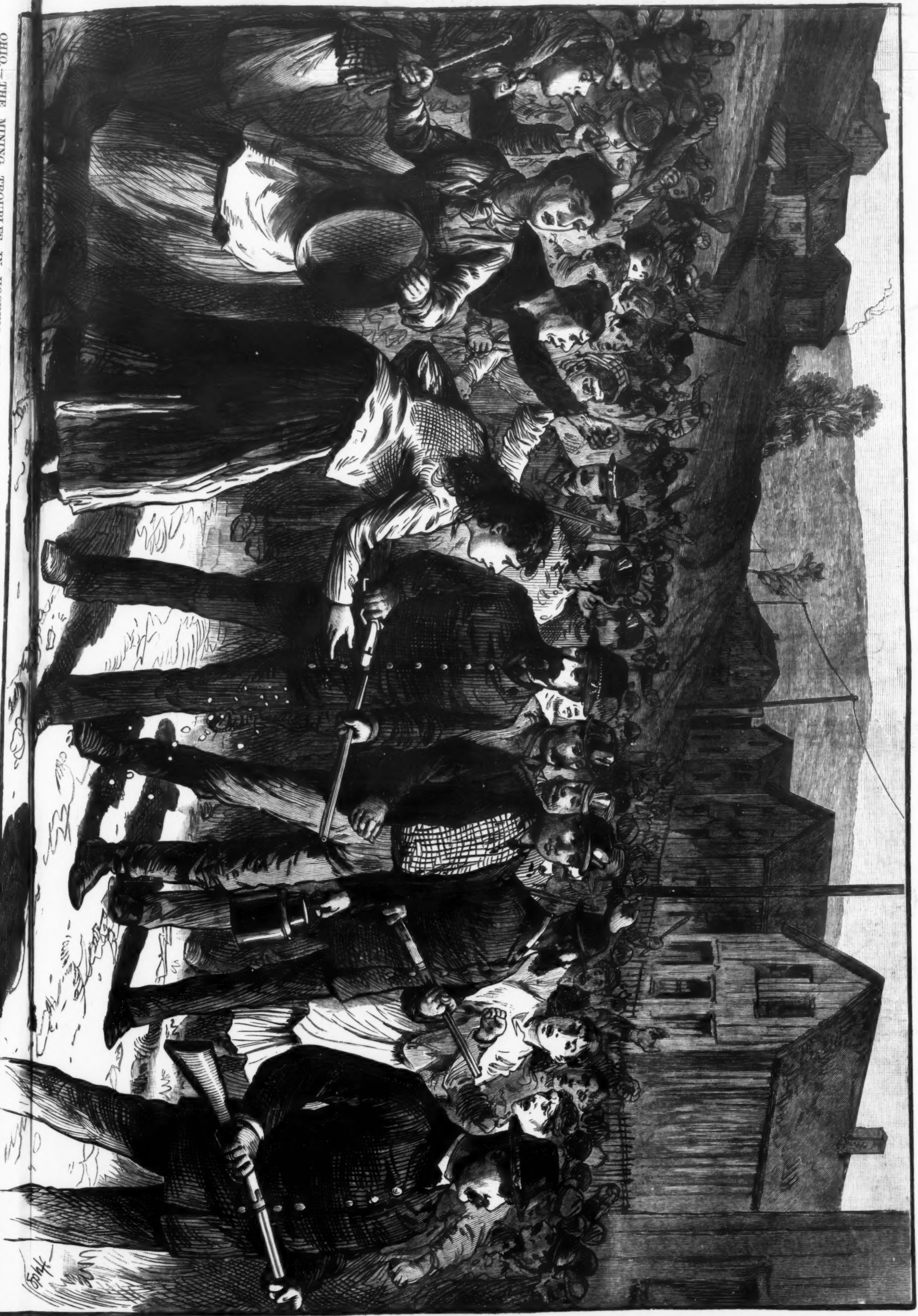
OUR great-grandsons, when celebrating the bi-centennial of America's independence, will doubtless produce a few bottles of the "famous vintage of '84," since advices from France declare that this year's vintage would be simply perfect if astronomers could only be induced to produce a comet or two. The year 1874 was a famous year; 1884 is already registered among those of the red letter.

RECENT advices state that a terrible typhoon visited Yokohama and Tokio, in Japan, on the 15th of September. In the latter city 3,000 houses were wholly or partially destroyed and twenty persons were killed. The loss of life at sea was appalling. No estimate could be made of the number of lives lost. The tornado was followed on the 17th by another of great force, but of brief duration.

THIRTY-ONE mills at Fall River, Mass., have closed for a week, throwing 10,000 persons out of work, and the prospect is that, unless the market improves, the shut down will continue indefinitely. The shut down includes every cotton goods mill in the city, except those making fancy goods and a few large print cloth mills controlled by a combination of capitalists, which can afford to run during dull times. The loss in wages by the stoppage of these mills will be \$75,000 weekly.

THE catacombs of Paris and limestone caverns are likely to become fashionable health resorts, and to rent at fancy prices, since a scientist has discovered that in underground chambers, subject to certain conditions, there is a total absence of bacilli, bacteria and other organic germs. In the vaults of the ancient Church of St. Michan, in Dublin, corpses instead of decomposing, became dry like mummies. It was here that the scientist experimented with the results the most assuring.

THE Maelstrom, that fearful vortex around which doomed ships were destined to spin until, with one fearful plunge, they disappeared, never to be seen again, proves to be a myth. It is simply a current between Lofoden and Mosken, known as Moskströmmen, one of the many tidal currents running through the sounds between the multitude of islands constituting the Lofoden Archipelago. At Spring tides, when heavy gales are blowing from the east or west, the Moskströmmen is sufficiently dangerous to be avoided by prudent navigators, but in fair and calm weather it is no more dangerous than the waters of Hell Gate.



OHIO.—THE MINING TROUBLES IN HOCKING VALLEY—SCENE IN THE TOWN OF PROCTOR

THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTFLE.

CHAPTER VIII.—AN EVENING AT ST. AUBYRN'S.

RUPERT ST. AUBYRN said to himself that he was a man again; he certainly looked it. He had gone to his room after dinner and dressed himself with more than common care. His clothes were of the richest material, and of the most fashionable cut and make. His linen was spotless. There was a good-sized diamond in his shirt-front, and a smaller one on his finger. His beard and mustache were trimmed and combed to a nicety. The arrangement of his hair had been made a work of art. His color was fresh, his complexion was clear, his eye was bright, his teeth were regular and even, and as pure and white as pearls. He was a man that one would have noticed anywhere in a crowd. You would have turned to look after him when you passed, though you might be in a hurry. He said he was a man again, and looked it.

But if one could have looked into St. Aubyn's heart; if one only could! It is going to be a very uncomfortable world to live in when "mind reading" becomes at all general.

St. Aubyn went into his library. He turned the books which he had moved in the morning so that their titles should face the room again. He touched the rich bindings of some rare volumes with a very coarse and familiar hand. The coward never forgives; and these books had driven him out of the room only that morning.

He went into his picture-gallery. The lamps were lighted. The sad scenes were sadder than they had been in the sunlighted air; St. Aubyn only smiled. The portraits were more grim and more dignified than they had been before; there were sombre shadows about the eyes and lips that the painter had not put there; in the daytime one might have paused before one or another of them to ask, "Who is this?" To-night—or any night—one could never forget that the snow was drifting over the faces whose likenesses smiled or frowned from the canvas; by the flickering light of man's making, one would remember that they were the faces of the dead, and the question would be, "Who were they?"

But St. Aubyn stopped before the oldest and grandest and most dignified of them all, looked the faded counterfeit of a faded face full in the eyes, and allowed a terrible grimace to distort his handsome face. He certainly was a man—hold a moment!—he certainly was himself again!

He went into the great parlor. He carried his hat and his overcoat and his gloves and his cane with him. He was going out soon. He was going to the Burlan residence. But he did not say to himself that he was going because Paul was injured, and he must inquire about him; he said that he went because he loved Stella Burlan. And despite his crimes, despite his past, despite his present, despite his future, I believe he did.

He laid his load upon the chair in which he had sat during his interview with the miner, and seated himself in the chair which Jim Bunker had occupied. Perhaps it was thoughtlessness; I believe it was bravado. But the chair was cold; it chilled him; its great arms and easy depths seemed to clutch and cramp him. He went to a lighter chair, near the fire.

There was a tap at the door. His face flushed and paled by turns. There seemed danger of a relapse into the serious illness of early morning; only it would never do to fall under its blighting power with another person by.

"Come in," he said.

His voice was not quite steady.

His servant entered.

"There is a person to see you, sir," he said, respectfully.

"A person?"

A person might mean almost anything to this man. His hand instinctively sought his breast-pocket. It went in search of a tiny cylinder, a cylinder large enough to be a cigar, or a big pencil, or a little leather case with a vial in it. It was there. It was a satisfaction to know it was.

"Yes, sir, to see you, sir."

"A gentleman or a lady?"

"A lady," the man answered, then hesitated long enough for St. Aubyn to wonder whether anything could possibly have brought Stella Burlan to his house, and drove all thought of that person entirely out of his head by finishing—"that is, a woman, sir."

"A woman, eh? Well, show the woman in."

The door closed behind the servant, but opened at once to admit St. Aubyn's visitor. She had evidently been standing at the very door, listening, perhaps.

St. Aubyn was surprised, startled, almost struck dumb, as the woman entered. But he rallied at once.

The thought which ran through his mind, as he rose and motioned her to a seat, was, "I've nothing to fear; the advantage is all on my side."

The woman took the seat in silence, and waited for him to open the conversation. He appeared to be in no hurry to do that, but looked at her with a half-amused and half-contemptuous expression. When a coward has the advantage of another person, there is no one who will be so merciful.

The woman was not a pleasant sight to look upon. She appeared out of place in St. Aubyn's parlor. Perhaps a part of her embarrassment came from the fact that she felt that. Her dress was of the poorest material, a poor fit, poorly made, and, although whole, was undeniably very dirty. She wore no ornament, not so much as a ribbon at her throat or in her hair. Her shoes were rough and heavy, and her feet were innocent of such a thing as rubbers or overshoes. Her

bonnet was antiquated. Her shawl was thin and shabby. Her face was pinched and wan. Her fingers were blue with the cold. There was a plentiful sprinkling of white in her hair. She looked like an old woman, until one noticed her eyes; they would always be young, despite wickedness or want, despite years and heartbreaks, until death itself should quench the light in them for ever.

"Well, Maggie McGowan, you're here are you?"

The woman raised her head and let her great sad eyes flash into his for a moment.

"Call me Mrs. St. Aubyn when you speak to me," she said.

He drummed carelessly on the table with his knuckles, and elevated his eyebrows.

"I shan't do that, Maggie," he said, "and so I suppose I shall have to spare myself the pleasure of speaking to you. Good-evening, ma'am," and he rose from his seat.

"Oh, Rupert, Rupert, don't go in that way!" she cried, clasping her hands wildly before her; "you must sit down and talk to me, and let me talk to you."

The man laughed, and took his seat again.

"Talk away, Maggie McGowan," he said, quietly. "I am ready to hear anything you have to say. But I don't know that I've much to say in return, Miss Maggie."

There was nothing said for some minutes. The woman sat with her head bowed down. St. Aubyn took up a paper and made a pretence of reading. She raised her head at last. The tears were running down her cheeks, and she sobbed as though were there nothing good nor sweet nor pleasant left to her in all the world.

"Come, come, Maggie," said St. Aubyn, in a more gentle tone than he had used before, "don't do that. Be reasonable. Be quiet. Say what you want. There is only one thing I will not grant."

He rose, walked around to her side of the table, and laid his hand on the back of her chair. She turned her head quickly, and kissed him on the knuckles.

His face flushed. He remembered having struck her a cruel blow with that clinched hand once.

Perhaps she remembered it, too. She turned and kissed it again.

He walked back to his place, awkwardly enough, and made a miserable failure of an attempt to look at ease.

"First of all, you need money, I suppose?"

"Of course I do. But it isn't your charity I want; I want my rights. I didn't come here to beg. That's something I've never done. I'll die before I'll ever begin. It's a beautiful home you have here. Perhaps I'm not good enough to share it with you. I'd think it like heaven, Rupert, if I could. But I'd be willing to live somewhere else, in a humbler place, if you'd come once in a while to see me and be kind and good to me, and call me your wife, as you used to do."

St. Aubyn shook his head.

"That can never be," he said; "I told you that years ago."

"I know you did. But you cannot alter facts. I am your wife."

St. Aubyn neither denied nor admitted what she had asserted.

"If saying that makes it any easier to take the money, I am glad," he said. He took out an enormous roll of bills and passed it across the table. He placed a handful of gold beside the bills.

The woman looked hungrily at the money, but made no motion to touch it.

"You never gave money for nothing," she said; "what do you expect for all that?"

"You've been living in Texas, haven't you?" he asked, in an insinuating tone of voice.

The woman rose up and began walking up and down the room, wringing her hands and crying bitterly.

"I cannot go back to Texas," she said; then, stopping directly in front of him, and raising her voice: "I will not go back. You don't know what I've suffered. You cannot guess what insults I've endured, and what privations I've undergone. And you've been rolling in wealth here; you've had luxury while I have slowly starved. I've slept in railway stations; I've slept outdoors under the open sky; I've gone without sleep, and walked up and down to keep warm when it was too cold to sleep without bed or fire. I've worked so hard; I've done such disagreeable things; I've worked for so little—so little. I've accepted a ride, sometimes, when a kind conductor has offered it, but I have paid my way almost always; I've never asked a ride—never begged—because I would not disgrace you. I've said to myself that you'd own me and be kind to me when I found you; it has been all that has kept me alive, sometimes. It's a very hard welcome you give me, Rupert, a very hard welcome!"

St. Aubyn turned his glance aside from her. He made no answer.

"I cannot go back. I should remember how cold I was at this place, and how hungry I was at that. I should shed bitter tears again, many and many a time, in memory of those I shed when coming. I cannot go back. I will not!"

"You must," said St. Aubyn, doggedly.

"I will not. Your money cannot buy me; your money—it's mine—it's mine as much as yours; but no matter. You haven't enough to tempt me. I will never go back."

"You must."

"Why must I? Why may I not live here? Why may I not stay in the same city with you? Is the air you breathe too good for me?"

"No matter why. It is enough that you must go. You must and shall go, or—"

He reached out his hand and drew the heap of money towards him.

The woman's face grew whiter, and she moaned as if in pain, but she made no motion towards hindering him from doing what he would with the money. He laughed, and pushed it back again.

She laid her hand on his shoulder. He took it off. She stood close to him, and bent over him as she spoke next time.

"What I've asked you is only honest and fair. I am your wife. I've been faithful and true to you always, and God knows that there has been temptation enough in my life. I don't ask you love; that perished long ago. I don't ask to share your home; a palace without love would be worse than a prison to me. I ask but little of your money; I am willing to work as much as my strength will allow, and I'm ready to live in a very humble way. I do ask justice. I do ask that you admit that I am your wife. Say we cannot agree. Say that I am to blame. Only say that I have a right to your name, and that I am a good woman, and you may tell whatever else you please."

"I cannot do it, Maggie; I cannot do it."

She stooped nearer—stooped until he could feel her feverish breath upon his cheek.

"I need money, Rupert, but I cannot take money and leave my name with a stain upon it. Be just. Do right."

He shook his head.

"James used to help me. He was a very kind son. I never needed money until I lost my son—our son, Rupert."

"Dead?" asked St. Aubyn, with a touch of genuine feeling.

"Oh, no," said the mother, "not dead, only lost. It's a year, almost, since I last heard—"

"A pretty old child to get lost, I should think," interrupted St. Aubyn, with a heartless laugh; "twenty-odd years old. Let me see. Twenty, twenty-one, how time does fly! He was twenty-six, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry you lost him."

"You would be more sorry if you had known him. Only to think, Rupert, that you never saw your own son."

"Stop that," said St. Aubyn, shortly; "it's rather late in the day to come around and try to interest a parent in his infant offspring. You'd better take the money and be going; I've an engagement this evening that I must not miss."

"You've an engagement, have you? Look here, Rupert St. Aubyn, I've heard a rumor about your being about to marry another woman. What is there in the story?"

"It's taken you a precious long time to get around to that question," sneered St. Aubyn. "You came all the way from Texas to ask it, didn't you?"

"Suppose I did; tell me what you are thinking of doing?—Are you going to marry another woman?"

"Suppose I am; tell me what you are thinking of doing about it?"

"I'll prevent the marriage."

"I'd be pleased to know how?"

"I'll publish the facts of my own marriage to the world."

"No one would believe you."

"I'll prove it, then."

"Not unless you can get into the safe in my office. I'll defy you or any one else to find one particle of evidence anywhere else in the world. And unless you manifest a very different spirit I think I shall feel compelled to destroy that. It's a foolish habit, this keeping documents that could only injure the one who keeps them, but I enjoy doing it, on the same principle that a boy likes to play with fire. My dear Miss Maggie McGowan, you can prove—nothing!"

"I'll go to the woman herself, then, and tell my story."

St. Aubyn took her by the arm and led her across the room. A great mirror reached from floor to ceiling. He stood by her side in front of it, and pointed at their images in the glass.

"No matter how old I really am," he said, "I call myself a young man. Thirty-eight, I say, with becoming modesty, and people wonder at it, for I look no more than thirty. But you—pardon me, madam, if I wound your natural vanity—you look fifty, to say the least. Then look at everything else in the case, at your face and figure, your clothes and your manners, compared with mine. You'd be turned out of doors, and might consider yourself lucky if you were not given in charge as a criminal—or a person of unsound mind."

He paused a moment, then took her roughly by the arm, so roughly that she winced at the pain he gave her.

"Besides that," he said, sullenly, "I'll never forgive you nor spare you if you try that game. There's money. Take it; there's more when that is gone. Go your way and let me go mine. And, mind you, keep silence. Good-night."

"Oh, Rupert, Rupert St. Aubyn! and I loved you so! I loved you so!"

She sprang upon him. She pinioned his arms at his side in her strong lithe grasp. She kissed him upon his lips before he had guessed her purpose. Then she turned and went away without a word; past the table, without a glance at the money on it; out of the room, without waiting for a servant to show her the way; out into the cold, dark night alone, friendless, dishonored, an outcast.

God help her! St. Aubyn is unworthy such a wish, if not beyond its power to help him.

(To be continued.)

LONDON DAYS.

COLD, wet and misty days they were; three weeks of the dampest and most low-spirited weather that ever set an exiled American pining for the golden and azure blaze of June skies in his native land. And yet what delicious days we found them!

We entered Paddington Station at seven p. m., with two full hours of daylight yet before us, although darkened by pouring rain. We drove through long, long interminable streets—miles of

monotonous blackened brick and soot-patched stone—past Charing Cross, its delicate Gothic spire dividing the roar and bustle of the Strand; past storied Whitehall, under the shadow of Westminster, past the river and the bridges, and into the quiet quarters where our lodgings awaited us—a delectable land within sound and sight of the Abbey belfry. All the way we hung breathlessly out of the windows of the stuffy cab, and gazed and wondered and gasped with expectation. Was that the Horse Guards? Then must our wheels be rolling over the very spot where King Charles's scaffold stood! Is this—oh, this must be the Abbey!—"A great cathedral," so my note-book rapturously described it that evening; "vaster than anything I had conceived of; walls of rich carving, deep and dark in tone, rising uninclosed in a great open space; such height and vastness that we knew it must be Westminster, but were not sure until we came to the end of the tremendous pile, and saw the narrow, sluggish river and the bridge." Alas! it was only the modern and unhistoric Parliament Houses! and the Abbey itself, upon our left, dwarfed by comparison with the Victoria Tower and its compeers, passed unnoticed!

Our London home consisted of four rooms: a bright and tolerably well-furnished drawing-room, with French windows, and tiny stone balconies overlooking the monotonous lines of dark brick fronts and pillared porticos of Bessborough Street; a small, dingy dining-room with a ground-glass window fronting on a range of dreary back-yards, and two corresponding bedrooms. For these rooms we paid two and a half guineas weekly, with "extras" of sixpence per burner for gas in the drawing-room (we wisely provided our own bedroom candles), and eightpence per scuttle for coals, with an additional halfpenny for the services of the maid in lighting the fire. Our landlady marketed for us—"at the Army and Navy stores," as she proudly informed us—each item, down to a pinch of salt, appearing duly in the weekly bill; and this bill, including every incidental expense, rarely amounted to more than nine dollars, American reckoning, for each person of our party of four. We were served by a model maid, fresh from the lanes of Sussex, whose H's—no capitals can convey their emphasis—were an undying joy and wonder unto us; a very small Boots attended to B's necessities and called our cabs; and everything—the weather alone always excepted—was *couleur de rose*.

In three days we seemed to have lived a whole life-time in London. We knew Whitehall and the Horse Guards by heart, for the piebald "bms"—a brown vehicle, whose sides bore the legend in shining letters, "THE MONSTER"—piled between the corner of Bessborough Street and Charing Cross, and we mounted it daily, with a noble disregard of the London proprieties. Through the broad sanctuary, whose open space thus perpetuates the memory of the old sanctuary of Westminster—past the old brown Abbey with Wren's two ugly square towers, and its glorious old North door, through which the pageants and processions of past centuries entered in—by St. Margaret's little church, where Raleigh's bones are buried; past the Parliament Houses, and through New Palace Yard, where Perkin Warbeck's stocks were set, and where Stubbs, the printer, waved his bleeding stump and cried, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" at whose command he had laid his right hand on the block; past Whitehall Banqueting House, now the Royal Chapel, between two of whose upper windows Charles Stuart stepped out upon the scaffold; past his statue, torn down under Cromwell, buried for years on the premises of a loyal brazier in Holborn, and exhumed and re-erected after the Restoration; by Trafalgar Square, with its tall shaft piercing the London mist, and Landseer's four dark, massive lions couchant round its base—how well I learned to know every step of this wonderful way! Sometimes in the dusk of the evening, B. and I went forth and hailed the Monster, or in the more aristocratic hansom went over the same ground, and then what a magic land it seemed! In the blue dusk of twilight the great buildings loom vast and shadowy, the Victoria Tower crowned with light, a network of gold and fire; around the Palace Yard burn lines of lamps, the gas-jets hot and yellow, and the electric lights vivid blue-white stars; Trafalgar Column is a dark-blue silhouette against the lighter darkness of the sky, and the lions, lying black and massive on their stone bases, have a dull yellow glow of gaslight, like a halo, behind their huge maned heads. Of all London pictures none stand out more distinct and fascinating than the twilight and lamplight-tinted pictures of these evening rides.

Monday is a "free day" at the Abbey, and on Monday I go, not as grudging the verger's shilling, but desiring to eschew that attendant altogether, and to wander at my own will, as the public, on this day, is freely permitted to do. With a sixpenny "Abbey Guide" in my hand, I stray for three blissful and blessed hours among the chapels and cloisters, sitting down to rest on worn stone steps, and by niches where altars had been, and dreaming in dark and dusty corners, among the crumbling altar tombs of mediæval knights and barons, among the bones of Plantagenets and Tudors, of croziered abbots and belted earls. In the nave of the Abbey, crowded as it is with marble monstrosities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, periwigged lords, Grecian-draped virtues, and admirals in Roman togas, I cared very little, nor is the Poet's Corner a whit more attractive with its huddled confusion of stonecutter's fancies, its hackneyed Pagan emblems of lachrymose fat cupids and inverted torches, and its eternally recurring embodiments of the sentiments and virtues. How strangely incongruous they seem among the mellow brown dusk of the old clustered shafts, and under the dim window of the groined roof, so high that the lace-like tracery of its diapered carvings is lost, or seen only when a wandering sunbeam touches it through the clerestory windows! I look away from them all, up into those dim arches, and watch the creeping of a misty pencil of light that steals along to-day in the same track that it has touched for centuries, watched by the eyes of prelates and priests at the High Altar, and drowsy monks in their carved stalls, of kings at their crownings and penitents on aching knees, by the eyes of hunted wretches in sanctuary, of warring men and helpless women and little children, long since borne down and swept away in the ruin and decay of the dead centuries. Some of them are under my feet, dust in their leaden cements; and I—what a futile pretentious atom I seem, walking between them and the sunlight still falling on those arches!

Edward the Confessor lies in his moldering shrine behind the High Altar, ringed round with the effigies of kings and queens asleep on their altar tombs; Henry V., sweet, roistering Prince Hal, headless on his high tomb below the chantry, with his casque and saddle and dented shield,

whose scars were made at Agincourt, keeping guard above him. Here is a fresh young English girl, making a water-color study of the Chantry, just by the entrance to Henry VII.'s Chapel, and I long, but do not venture to ask, for a peep at her work. A steady patter of footsteps echoes round and round the worn stone pavement, as the stream of people passes in and out, but there are no loud voices and little talking in this solemn, silent place. In Henry VII.'s Chapel the crowd sets most steadily to the south aisle, where Mary Stuart lies on her canopied tomb, and one hears a murmur of "Poor Mary!" a continual sigh of pity from man and woman, as they tread all day round her stately effigy. Wonderful fascination, that drew all men in life and magnetizes them still in death; that for three centuries has never relaxed its fine impalpable hold upon the hearts and brains of all who hear her story! Her intense personality has never died; from the dust of her ceremonies she stretches out a hand to-day that touches every chord of feeling in human nature, that rouses passion and pity, aching tenderness, indignant partisanship, assailers and defenders everywhere. Look at the wonderful power in that marble profile, not so beautiful as it is indomitable—and how strangely the likeness of blood can be traced in this face and the face of Elizabeth hard by! The Tudor Queen is older and sterner and harder, but the same pride and courage—the high hearted courage of a strong man—has stamped the lines of both. Elizabeth's fearless will turned the tides of English history where she would; but was it stronger, after all, than Mary's, beating itself to death for nineteen years behind prison bars?

Close by Elizabeth's tomb is the urn where the bones of the little Princess of the Tower are mingled—those pretty babies who were my first loves in literature, when my age was as tender as theirs. How well I knew those little figures, born in the Abbey sanctuary, standing at the Abbey altar for that baby-play of marriage, stealing lonely and frightened through the gloomy Tower, sleeping their last sleep under the Chapel stairs! And beside them is the little marble cradle, in which James I.'s tiny day-old daughter is laid away—a little bed just big enough to hold the sleeper—under whose deep hood, on a smooth marble pillow, the likeness of the small round face is resting. In the nave, just outside the wrought-brass screen which incloses the tomb of Henry VII. and his White Rose of York, lies Edward VI., buried by Mary under Torregiano's splendid High Altar. "The only royal memorial," says Stanley, "destroyed by the Puritans," who thus left tombless the only Puritan sovereign of England. Mary herself sleeps with Elizabeth, troubled by no more fond and jealousies; and so they all lie in the same league of peace, Tudors, Stuarts, Plantagenets, Yorkist and Lancastrian, Catholic and Puritan, gathered together in the shadow of the old Abbey walls.

We haunted the Abbey at all times and seasons; but the Tower, almost as fascinating, is in every way less accessible to the pilgrim, and we were obliged to be content with one hurried visit, in which my propensity for "prowling" was altogether held in check. True, the visitor on "six-penny days" is left very much to his own devices, for the beefeaters no longer take parties into custody and march them hither and thither like herds of sheep; the forbidden precincts and passages are roped off, and placards at every turn point out permitted ways, where one can stroll and linger. Little knots of burly, rosetted men in red tunics and flat caps and rosetted shoes stand about picturesquely in the sunshine and shadows of the paved courts, and soldiers in tight red jackets, with tiny caps like wafers, mysteriously stuck on above one ear, loiter among them or dart in and out under the old Norman archways of blackened stone, and down dark passages that echo the tramp of their feet. The White Tower, the Armory and Jewel House are open to us; and a very cockney crowd, sprinkled with but few Americans, is streaming towards these attractions; no corners for one to lurk in, no little nooks for meditation such as one's heart delights in. F. and I hang over the wooden railing at the arch of the Traitor's Gate—a low, sullen arch, with a few stone steps, against which the sluggish water laps, green with a rosy slime; and we try to picture a barge lying under the black arch, between the two water-gates, and a crowd of lords and nobles, and the Princess Elizabeth with her haughty Tudor face, setting her foot on those wet, slimy stairs in the falling rain—"dashing from her with a good dash" the cloak that is offered her, and crying out: "Here lands as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs!" Behind us is the broad, low arch of the entrance of the Bloody Tower, where tradition declares the little Princes to have died, and the misty English sunshine lies on the worn stone pavement between Tower and gateway, and we could have sat down in it and dreamed away an hour, but the crowd of cockneys, the beefeaters and the British soldiery are too much. We go on into the White Tower, into the Armory, among the long rows of ghostly suits of mail, up the worn stone stair, winding round its shaft to the chapel, and past that little niche under the stair just large enough for a man to crouch in, where the bones of two murdered boys were found. Were they the bones of Edward's children? No one knows, and the stones of the old Tower keep their secret, like many another long forgotten one, and keep it well.

From London to Oxford is but a short railway journey, enjoyable as English railway journeys are, when—and only when—one's own party enjoys a monopoly of the carriage, and undisturbed possession of the four corner seats. It was Commemoration week when we entered the gray old town, and every street swarmed, and every hotel was filled to overflowing with British matrons and maids, of that typical aspect beloved by Du Maurier, and with strong-limbed young men in pink and white flannels, or floating black silk gowns that puffed out behind them in every breeze. We found a night's shelter, however, in a quaint little inn nestled in the venerable shadows of Brasenose and Jesus, with the grotesque bosses and gargoyles of Lincoln looking right into our windows, across a narrow lane of a street; and forthwith began a hurried tour of exploration through the picturesque gray old streets, and among the glorious old college gardens and quadrangles which will leave me envious of Oxford students all my life long. I may not attempt a picture even of one such stroll, or try to tell of those wonderful effects in crumbling and time-blackened stone; of the quaint quadrangles of New College, with their glistening walls of ivy, the hollies and beeches, and the old cloisters full of darting swallows among the oaken beams of the ceiling; of the bright little picture of an "under-grad's" room, voluntarily granted unto us by the under-grad's own man, bearing a tray of empty glasses and beer-bottles (we afterwards discovered the proprietor of the room and man standing out-

side and bawling, "Miller!" with a savage intonation; and I fear Miller suffered for it afterwards); of the green river-walks of Magdalen, noisy with conversational jackdaws and rooks, and the glories of Christ's Cathedral of St. Frideswide, so full of precious memories and associations, old and new; even the treasures of the libraries, once touched on, would lead one astray for hours. There is one memory of Oxford, however, prosaic but vivid, which I here record—a tribute to the British chambermaid, as we found her in that quaint sixteenth century inn near Lincoln. She was a motherly female in a large cap, who insisted upon escorting F. and me to our room, and leaving us two tall bedroom candles, despite our earnest representation that the gas burner yielded us all the light required.

"I shall leave them with you, young ladies," she replied, with mild firmness. "I wish you a good-night, young ladies," with a slight courtesy as she made her exit, leaving us crushed and vanquished. We saw her again—and only then—at the moment of our departure the next afternoon, when she crossed our way with another stately courtesy and an extended palm.

"A trifle for the chambermaid, if you please," she demanded of M., whose moral courage (stimulated by a considerable overcharge in the bill, which B. was at that moment disputing below) actually enabled her to refuse this request with perfect calmness.

"It is customary, madam," was the severe reply. "You will be pleased to remember the servants with a trifle."

Cowed by this display of firmness, I fumbled for, and produced, sixpence. She accepted it with dignity, and immediately withdrew; but when we reached the lower hall we found that she had nimbly descended by a back stair, and was at that moment cutting off B.'s egress, with a broad palm still extended, a stiff courtesy, and a perfectly polite but stern "You will be pleased, sir, to remember the chambermaid!" Long, I fear, will B.'s statement of opinion at this demand be remembered at the Maiden's Head, and set down to the barbarism of the American traveler!

We planned a dozen such excursions—to Oxford, and Windsor, and Hampton Court, and Richmond, and Epping Forest—but the fascination of London itself held us so fast that very few of our plans were ever carried out. Just to wander about the precincts of Whitehall and Westminster, or to drive through the network of city streets, looking out over the apron of a hansom at the crowds; at the miles of dark, high buildings; the old city churches with their clanging bells piercing the London smoke, and the dark gateways and gloomy fronts of old Inns of Court; picking out at every corner the names of streets that were like finger-posts or landmarks in history and literature; following phantoms of the past and airy creatures of men's imagination, from Shakespeare to Dickens—this was my greatest and chief delight; and these shifting pictures of the dear, dark old London streets are the pictures that I see most clearly when I recall my London Days.

G. A. DAVIS

WORCESTER'S BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

WEDNESDAY last, the 15th instant, was the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the foundation and naming of the thriving City of Worcester, Mass. The occasion was celebrated with an enthusiasm which was inspiring to see, and it is safe to say that never before during the two centuries of the town's existence had so many people been crowded within the corporate limits as thronged the gay streets on the 14th and 15th. The formal celebration began on Tuesday evening, when the chiming of Plymouth Church pealed out the signal for grand illumination. The streets became suddenly ablaze with Chinese lanterns, colored lights and window illuminations, showing on either side of the principal thoroughfares continuous lines of bunting, mottoes, portraits of Washington and Revolutionary heroes, and Goddesses of Liberty. The shop windows were filled with relics of the ancient time, old maps and pictures of Worcester and a thousand and one things that attracted the attention of curious throngs. Mechanic's Hall was beautifully decorated for the literary exercises of the evening. An immense audience assembled there at an early hour. Governor Robinson, the Hon. George F. Hoar, and other men of note delivered speeches and orations of a reminiscent and eulogistic character, interspersed with patriotic music.

Wednesday, the grand day of the celebration, was perfect in point of weather—bright, cloudless and bracing. Business was suspended. The crowds grew more dense than ever. The procession formed at ten o'clock, under command of General Josiah Pickett, Chief-marshal, and marched over a route five miles in length. The procession was nearly three miles long, and was more than an hour in passing Court House Hill, where it was reviewed by several thousand school children. The escort consisted of the Worcester Continentals, with their guests, the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford. There were also in the escort representatives of several crack corps of New England. The first division was composed of three militia companies of the Second Regiment Massachusetts Militia, the Lloyd Grand Army Post, and several Irish independent military companies, and Battery B, Light Artillery, of the First Brigade Massachusetts Militia. The second division was made up of Odd Fellows and other secret societies in regalia, and the battalion of High and Grammar school boys. The third division was composed entirely of Irish societies on foot and mounted. The fourth was made up of French, English and German societies and trade organizations. Its rear was brought up by the Worcester Grange Patrons of Husbandry, whose display was the finest in the line. It consisted of 100 men mounted, escorting seven cars with tableaux. The last division comprised the Worcester Fire Department, with gayly trimmed apparatus. There were twelve brass bands in the line, and between 4,000 and 5,000 men.

The procession was followed by an informal banquet at the Bay State House, at which Mayor Read, presided. At three o'clock there was a balloon ascension. A display of fireworks, many of the set pieces being designed especially to illustrate various steps in Worcester's growth, attracted at least 40,000 persons in the evening.

One of our illustrations shows the pyrotechnic representation of the delivery of the deed of the land on which Worcester stands. The other represents the scene in Main Street during the passing of the procession.

The Santo Domingo Congress has passed a Bill granting general amnesty to all Dominicans who were exiled for political offences.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCE.

THE French railway companies are about to adopt an electric gate-opener.

A LABORATORY devoted to special researches in bacteria has been established at Munich.

CAPTAIN DUTTON is engaged in the study of the extinct volcanoes of the Rocky Mountains.

A RECENT estimate, made by means of a very intricate testing apparatus, places the rate at which an electric dot travels over a telegraph wire at 16,000 miles per second.

Two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repainting. This mixture, in the above proportions, should be applied when warm, and the woodwork afterward washed with water to remove all traces of the soda.

EXPERIMENTS with an electric tricycle in England have been so encouraging that two hundred and fifty machines will be built. They are driven by a storage battery, carry two persons, and are expected to run at the rate of six miles an hour on level ground. One of them is now on its way to this country.

A METHOD of military nocturnal signaling has been devised by a Russian, Captain Kostovich, and successfully tested at Cronstadt. To a small captive balloon is suspended an Edison electric lamp, which, by means of connecting wires, can be kindled and extinguished at will by an operator stationed on board ship or in any other convenient position, a series of such extinctions and re-ignitions being employed according to a telegraphic code.

WHEN purified wood-charcoal is thoroughly saturated with gaseous chlorine, and then treated with hydrogen gas, hydrochloric acid is formed with a fall of temperature. Berthelot and Guntz explain this anomaly by the consideration that the absorption of heat results not from the chemical action, properly speaking, but from the simultaneous evaporation of the chlorine condensed upon the charcoal.

A VICTORY has been gained by Van Rysselberghe in Belgium by the solution of the problem of transmitting a telegraphic and a telephonic message along the same wire at the same time. A trial of this has been made at the Antwerp Universal Exhibition, where concerts held in important towns in Belgium were heard; the transmission being made with ordinary instruments along ordinary telegraph lines and with earth returns.

STILL another way of decorating pottery has been invented in England, and is called Mela metallico. The article to be decorated is first smoothed, then painted with Brunswick black, and then with the design in lustra colors. Two coats of copal varnish finish the articles, which may be of the coarsest earthenware. Their effect cannot be much better than those which used to grieve the heart in the days when no flowerpot was safe from being painted black and speckled with paper bugs and blossoms.

ONE of the most remarkable articles of export ever dispatched for scientific purposes from any country is without doubt the conignum which has just left Norway for Germany. It is no less than fifty-two skeletons of Lapps, which have during the Summer been unearthed at Utsjok in Russian Lapland, and which an enterprising dealer of Vardö has sold to various museums and societies on the Continent at the price of £6 a piece. Two of the skeletons are those of children, the rest those of adults.

To prevent the growth of moss or weeds on gravel walks it is recommended to sprinkle salt pretty freely on the paths (about a pound to the square yard does for one year at least) care being taken not to let the salt fall on the box borders, or the edges of the grass. A damp but not a rainy day is the best for this operation. Some apply a boiling solution of salt (about a pound to the gallon of water) with a common watering-pot, so that a pound of the salt will be received by every square yard of walk. A much weaker solution will serve the same purpose if it should be required again.

AN ancient pit-dwelling has been found near Devizes, England, consisting of two intersecting circular holes about five feet in diameter sunk into the chalk. In height they are little less than six feet, and bone ornaments, spindle whorls, loom weights, and several objects supposed to have been used superstitiously as helps to make water boil were discovered on the floor. Three stones formed a hearth; the ashes were still in place, and on them fragments of an earthenware vessel. The pit is said to have looked as if just abandoned.

SOME years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by a wild flower, near which not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was the pyrethrum, whose odor deals death to the lower forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powders." The seed of this flower was distributed in the United States, and a Dalmatian has been growing it with great success in Stockton, Cal. Professor Snow recently read an article on the subject before the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, and it seems likely from the report that an industry of importance will arise from the Dalmatian's experiment.

PROFESSOR CALVERT has recently made the interesting discovery, by practical tests, that the carbonates of potash and soda possess the same property of protecting iron and steel from rust as do those alkalis in a caustic state. Thus it is found that, if an iron blade be immersed in a solution of either of the above carbonates, it exercises so protective an action that that portion of the iron which is exposed to the influence of the damp atmospheric air does not oxidize, even after so extended a period as two years. Similar results, it appears, have also been obtained with seawater on adding to the same the carbonates of potash and soda in suitable proportion.

THE importance and necessity of ventilation is illustrated by the following experiment of Bernard's: A sparrow was placed in a glass globe, hermetically sealed. For an hour there was no change, but at the end of that time it began to show that it was suffering from breathing air that had already passed through its lungs. After another hour a second sparrow was placed in the globe. It seemed stunned, and died in a few moments. The first bird, at the end of the third hour, dropped apparently dead. Taken out into the fresh air and sunshine it revived, but being again placed in the globe it instantly tottered and died. The process of asphyxiation in badly ventilated rooms is gradual; if it were sudden, people would die, as did the second sparrow.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FRANCIS MURPHY has begun a blue-ribbon crusade at Minneapolis.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been ordered by his physicians to take an absolute rest from his literary labors.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN has quit campaigning for the present and returned to his home in Bangor, Me.

MISS MOLLIE GARFIELD, now sweet seventeen, will shortly enter Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie.

SITTING BULL may now bid defiance to Indian agents. He is said to have packed away \$30,000 since he has been on show in New York.

MINISTER JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is coming home in time to deliver the oration at the quarter centennial celebration of the settlement of his native town, Newburyport, Mass.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, was married on Saturday, the 11th instant, to Miss Berdan, in Constantinople. The whole of the diplomatic body and the *dile* of society were present.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE has re-engaged his secretary for a term of three years. The venerable and respected baronet is one hundred. How hale the inner man must feel! Barring accidents, Sir Moses may live to give the secretary a third term.

A LARGE sum of money has been subscribed to enable Lal Mohun Ghose, a Hindu gentleman living in London, to contest a seat in the House of Commons before an English constituency. The opponents of the Ilbert Bill in India are meanwhile raising money to oppose him.

A MOVEMENT is afoot in England to set up a memorial of Archbishop Laud in the church of the parish in which he was born two hundred years ago. It is also proposed to honor the memory of Sir William Herschel by an addition to the church in Bath of which the illustrious astronomer was once organist.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, the Presidential candidate, visited Louisville, Ky., last week, as the guest of the Southern Exposition. She was met by a committee of ladies and escorted to the Galt House, where she held a reception and received many visitors. Mrs. Lockwood subsequently addressed a large audience at the Exposition.

EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY has offered his resignation to the Yale corporation on account of his advanced age and increasing deafness. He will be eighty-three years old on the last day of this month, and has been connected with the college almost continuously for sixty-seven years. He is now on the Republican ticket as a Blaine and Logan elector.

The Hub has gained an additional laurel, not aesthetic, but muscular. Mr. Edward Crane has succeeded in throwing a baseball 135 yards, 7 inches. For twelve years Mr. Hatfield's throw of 133 yards, 1 foot and 7½ inches has never been beaten, and—rejoice, ye denizens of Beacon Hill—he was a New Yorker!

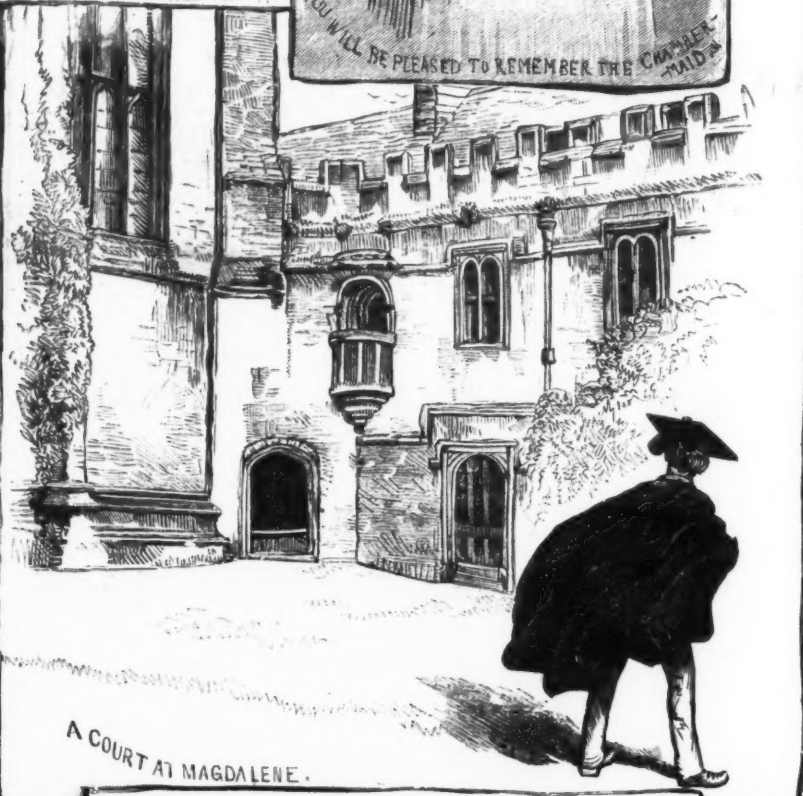
HENRI ROCHEFORT, the redoubtable editor of the Paris *Intransigent*, has added another to his list of famous duels. Captain Fournier, who negotiated the Tientsin Treaty with China, challenged M. Rochefort to fight a duel on account of an editorial written by the latter criticising the Treaty. M. Rochefort accepted the challenge. The duel was fought on the 10th instant, both combatants receiving slight wounds, M. Rochefort being wounded in the neck and Captain Fournier in the right hip.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS GRAHAM, M. D., of Louisville, Ky., celebrated his hundredth birthday on the 10th instant. A grand dinner in honor of the event was given at one of the principal hotels, and a congratulatory letter from Sir Moses Montefiore was read. The prominence of the guest in the pioneer history of Kentucky, as well as in more modern times, caused not only personal friends of Dr. Graham to be present, but nearly every old citizen of Louisville and prominent men from all over the State came to do honor to the occasion.

LORD MALMESBURY, in his recently published "Reminiscences," says Mme. Guiccioli told him that Byron wrote all the last cantos of his "Don Juan" on play-bills, some of which he showed him, or on any odd piece of paper that might be at hand. He had repeated glasses of gin punch at his side when writing. He used to rush out of his room to read to her what he had written, "making many alterations and laughing immoderately." Guiccioli was "very proud and fond of him, but described him as having a very capricious temper, and with nothing of the passion which pervades his poetry, and which he was in the habit of ridiculing—in fact, with a cold temperament."

The house where Gambetta died at Ville d'Avray, near Paris, is to be bought by a number of his friends and refurnished as in his life-time. At present the rooms are empty, save for pictures and masses of faded memorial wreaths and garlands, remnants from the funeral. In the drawing-room is a big sarcophagus of dried flowers, arranged by admirers on the anniversary of their hero's death, while photographs of the French statesman in the tribune, and lying in state as a corpse, face each other on the walls. Gambetta's bedroom contains another faded floral tomb on the spot where the bed stood, and opposite hangs a huge yellow immortal crown sent by Alsace. The outlying grounds and buildings of Les Jardins are to be sold, including the little garden pavilion which Gambetta had made into a rustic library.

On the night of the Ohio election Mr. Blaine was in Detroit, Mich. At midnight the indications were so pronounced and so decided in favor of the Republican ticket that Mr. Blaine asked his telegraphic operator to connect his instrument with the one in his library in his house at Augusta. Thomas Sherman, Mr. Blaine's private secretary, is a telegraph operator, and was at the Augusta key. Mr. Blaine called up Mrs. Blaine. She came into the library with her daughter Maggie. When the connection was made Mr. Blaine came to the operator's table, where, seated near it, and leaning upon both elbows on the table, with his son, Walter Blaine, seated upon his chair, he began to talk to his wife 1,300 miles away. Congratulatory messages were exchanged, and a conversation carried on with the same ease as if there were no space dividing those engaging in it. Even the servants of the family were not forgotten in the family visit, as they were called up for a word from "the next President," as every one about him persisted in calling Mr. Blaine.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—HON. FRANK HATTON, THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MR. FRANK HATTON.

MR. HATTON, who was last week appointed Postmaster-General, was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1845. He learned the printer's trade with his father, but, on the outbreak of the Civil War, abandoned the "case" and entered the Army as a private at the age of seventeen, becoming a lieutenant before he was twenty. After the war he served as local editor on his father's paper until the family soon afterward removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, where the elder Hatton bought and published the *Journal*, a leading weekly paper of the State. Young Hatton was local editor until the death of his father, when he became the editor and joint-proprietor. In 1874 Mr. Hatton bought a half interest in the *Burlington Daily Hawkeye*, and at a little later date became the sole proprietor and editor-in-chief, and quickly raised the paper to its present prominence in State and national politics. In October, 1881, President Arthur appointed him to succeed General Tyner as First Assistant Postmaster-general, a position which he has continued to hold until advanced to the head of the Department. In December, 1882, he succeeded George C. Gorham as editor of the *National Republican* at Washington. He is a man of positive and aggressive character, and has ranked as a "stalwart of the stalwarts" among Republicans.

RIVAL POLITICAL MANAGERS.

MR. STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

NEXT to the Presidential candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties, no two men in the country are more roundly abused for one thing and another than the chief managers of the campaign on either side—Mr. Stephen B. Elkins, of the National Republican Committee, and Hon. Wm. H. Barnum, Chairman of the National Committee of the Democracy.



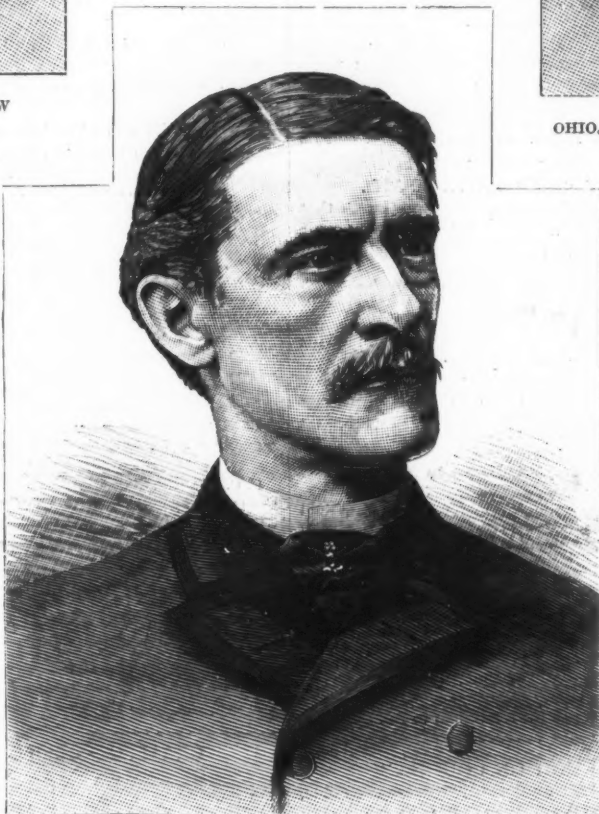
CONNECTICUT.—HON. WM. H. BARNUM, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.
PHOTO. BY BRADY.

Mr. Elkins, who has been conspicuous as the organizer of the Republican canvass, and who with Messrs. Chaffee, Hobart and Fessenden, have been the real directors of the campaign in the East, was born in Ohio, September 26th, 1841, and is, therefore, just at the maturity of his powers. When still young he removed to Missouri, and graduated at the University of that State in July, 1860. He then studied law, and was admitted to the Bar. In 1863 he removed to New Mexico, and on the following year was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature. Subsequently he held the offices of Territorial District-attorney, Attorney-general of New Mexico, and United States District-attorney. He was elected a Territorial Delegate to the Forty-third Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth, serving to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. Tiring of Congressional life, he turned his attention to business pursuits, and for some years past has devoted himself to mining operations and railroad enterprises in Colorado, New Mexico and West Virginia. In his mining operations especially he has been remarkably successful, and he already ranks among the millionaires of the country.

Mr. Elkins is a gentleman of fine tastes and most genial manners, of acute perceptions and positive convictions, and withal thoroughly equipped in those intellectual qualities and attainments which command success.

WILLIAM H. BARNUM.

THE principal manager of the Democratic canvass, ex-Senator Wm. H. Barnum, is a native of



NEW YORK CITY.—WILLIS S. PAINE, TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALMAN.

the State of New York, having been born in Columbia County, September 17th, 1818. He received a public school education, and subsequently went to Connecticut, where he engaged in business. He is now a resident of Lime Rock, in that State. He is engaged in the manufacture of Salisbury pig-iron and car wheels, and has two or three business offices in this city. His political career has been crowned with repeated honors at the hands of his party. In 1851-52 he was a member of the State Legislature; he was elected successively a representative from Connecticut to the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. He was elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Orris S. Ferry, and took his seat May 22d, 1876. His term expired March 3d, 1879. Since that time he has not been in the public service. He has been a delegate to every National Democratic Convention since 1868, a member of the Democratic National Executive Committee since 1872, and has been Chairman of the Committee during three Presidential contests. As "there is luck in odd numbers," Mr. Barnum hopes that this time he will be able to achieve success for the party whose fortunes he has done so much to promote.

Mr. Barnum is a fine organizer and a man of great courage and decision of character, and if these qualities can make the Democratic canvass successful that result will certainly be obtained.

WILLIS S. PAINE,

TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER OF NEW YORK CITY.

TAMMANY HALL has placed upon its ticket the name of Mr. Willis S. Paine, the present State Bank Superintendent, as candidate for the office of Comptroller of the City of New York, the original nominee, Mr. P. Henry Dugro, having recently declined the candidacy on account of the sudden death of his father. Mr. Paine is a member



OHIO.—HON. JAMES S. ROBINSON, SECRETARY-OF-STATE-ELECT.
SEE PAGE 158.

of the Tammany General Committee, and has long been prominent in the councils of that organization.

He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1846, and is the son of ex-Mayor Nicholas E. Paine, of that city. His ancestors were of New England origin, and one of the family was numbered among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Willis Paine entered Williams College when quite a young man, and after remaining there about a year he went back to Rochester and became a member of the Class of '68 in the Rochester University. He was graduated from this school with more than ordinary honors, and began the study of law in the office of the Hon. Sanford E. Church. Mr. Paine, Senior, removed to New York about this time, and young Paine entered the law office of Charles A. Rapallo, where he remained until he was admitted to the Bar in 1869. He was successful as a practitioner from the start. In 1876 Judge Landon appointed him Receiver of the Bond Street Savings Bank, of this city. As Receiver Mr. Paine brought suits against the trustees of the insolvent bank to compel them to make good certain deficiencies in the assets, and he recovered \$113,500. The depositors of the bank were paid eighty-five cents on the dollar.

Willis S. Paine and William Dowd were appointed by Governor Cornell Commissioners to revise the laws of the State affecting banks, banking and trust companies. These two gentlemen performed the task imposed upon them without pay, and expended less than half the sum appropriated by the Legislature for expenses. Their conclusions were enacted into a law, and they received a vote of thanks from the Legislature. Governor Cleveland appointed Mr. Paine State Bank Superintendent in April, 1883.

Mr. Paine is a member of the New York Bar Association and the Young Men's Democratic Club. He is a personal friend of Governor Cleveland. Tammany is confident that Mr. Paine will prove a very strong candidate.



NEW MEXICO.—HON. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
PHOTO. BY BENNETT.

GENERAL JAMES S. ROBINSON,
SECRETARY OF STATE ELECT OF OHIO.

GENERAL JAMES S. ROBINSON, who was last week elected Secretary of State of Ohio, is a thoroughly self-made man. He was born October 14th, 1827, in Richland County, Ohio, and spent his boyhood on his father's farm in what was then a wilderness, his only opportunities to acquire an education being such as were afforded by a few weeks' attendance at the Winter terms of the district school. At the age of sixteen he became an apprentice in a printing-office at Mansfield, and having learned the trade of a printer, after working in various offices, in January, 1847, started the *Kenton Republican*, which he gradually built up into a paying property. In 1856-57 he was elected Clerk of the General Assembly as a Republican, and from that time forward has been in every campaign among the foremost men of the party. When the South went into rebellion he promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the Fourth Ohio Volunteers, and being a few days later made a captain, served with it in the Rich Mountain campaign until appointed major of the Eighty-second Regiment, and moved with it into West Virginia. In April, 1862, he was made lieutenant-colonel, and in the subsequent campaigns of the Eighty-second served with great gallantry and distinction, especially at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the latter battle Colonel Robinson was shot through the lungs, and lay for two days and nights between the opposing lines before he was rescued. Recovering from his wound, he promptly rejoined his regiment, and subsequently, in all the great battles of the Georgia campaign, from Wauhatchie Heights and Missionary Ridge down to the sea, was a conspicuous and brilliant figure. His brigade was always in the front, always at the point of honor and danger. For his services in this campaign he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

General Robinson, after retiring to private life, engaged extensively in business affairs, looking to the development and building up of his own county and community, and attended to his own affairs, almost entirely neglected for over four years. He was president of a projected railroad and director in another one, the Chicago and Atlantic, which has since been built from Marion to Chicago. In political affairs he took such a high position that he was chosen by his party as Chairman of the State Executive Committee to conduct the campaigns of 1877, 1878 and 1879, the last of which was one of the most sweeping victories ever won by the party in Ohio. In January, 1880, he was appointed Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs by Governor Foster, an office he filled with his usual ability and efficiency, making the fullest and best compilation and report ever made up to that time from that department. This position he resigned to represent his district in the Forty-seventh Congress, where he served with great industry and usefulness to his constituency. While serving his second term he was nominated for Secretary of State, and to that position he has now been elected by a plurality of 10,000.

BOOK NOTICE.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL of N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, grows in size, weight and merit each year. That for 1884, published during the past week, surpasses all its predecessors in the fullness of its statistics concerning the periodical press, the politics, manufactures and industries of the country, and is an exceedingly valuable handbook of reference for the general reader and student, as well as the advertiser. The ANNUAL contains nearly one thousand large pages, and is so carefully indexed that its vast store of information is readily available. To any one interested in the intellectual development of the country as evidenced by its periodical press, its political progress and changes as shown by the latest general elections, or in its industrial and agricultural products as given by the last general census, the *NEWSPAPER ANNUAL* is at once the most convenient, accurate and complete authority. Its list of class publications is especially full and complete, and will be serviceable to any one desiring to place business or pursue researches in any of the special fields into which the current literature of the day is so rapidly separating itself. It may be gratifying to our readers to learn that, according to Messrs. Ayer & Son's figures, the net increase of periodicals in the United States and Canada, last year, was 738, or more than two a day, including Sundays, and that the total number of all classes is now nearly 13,500. Nearly 600 weeklies were established during the last year. Next to the perpetual problem "Where do all the pins go?" one of the most perplexing and useless is "Where do all the papers go to and how do they live?" For some of the fortunate there is, however, a broad gleam of hope in the statement of the Messrs. Ayer & Son, that their advertising orders to the press of the country amounted during the first six months of 1884 to over half a million dollars. The type, paper and binding of the ANNUAL are in every respect superior, and worthy the high standard of its publishers. Ayer & Son now claim to be the largest newspaper advertising agency in the world, and it is a matter of "common fame" that it is one of the best.

DR. DOREMUS ON AMMONIA IN FOOD.

In analyzing samples of baking powder purchased by myself of a number of grocers in New York city, I find that CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER contains only pure Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small portion of flour, while the Royal Baking Powder contains in addition thereto, Tartaric Acid and Ammonia. The Ammonia gas is observed not only in the Royal Baking Powder when it is heated, but even in biscuits made therefrom.

My examination shows that CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER is better than the Royal Baking Powder, because:

- 1st. It is compounded of better and more wholesome ingredients.
- 2d. It yields a larger amount of Carbonic Acid Gas, and in a more satisfactory manner, in consequence of which less powder is required to produce light bread material.
- 3d. It is honestly sold as to weight. The CLEVELAND cans contain full net weight, while the Royal cans were short weight.

New York, July 11th, 1884.

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL.D.

Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology in "Bellevue Hospital Medical College"; Prof. Chemistry and Physics in the "College of the City of New York."

FUN.

A FRENCH gentleman claims to have discovered how to foretell the weather by the manner in which the globules rise in one's coffee after the sugar has been put in. There are some, however, who assert that this gentleman has no (coffee) grounds for his statements, and that they are, indeed, all Mocha-ry.

"Mrs. PARTINGTON, what do you use for a very bad cold?" asked Mrs. Dull. "Handkerchiefs, ma'am," answered the ancient dame, looking over her spectacles. Handkerchiefs are a desideratum in the event of a cold, but a bottle of Dr. BULL'S Cough Syrup is a necessity, because it not only relieves, but cures the worst cold or cough.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew."

A TYPE-SETTING machine has been invented by a resident of Iliou, N. Y., which is represented as quite perfect. Unless, however, it can manage to correct the writer's rhetoric by substituting here and there a word which he did not use, had no thought of using, and would not use under any circumstances, for the word which he took especial pains to write plainly, this machine must prove a lamentable failure. It can never hope to compete with the intelligent compositor.

AN OVERTASKED BRAIN.

A CLERGYMAN in Iowa, after a few weeks' use of our Treatment, says:

"Your Compound Oxygen has worked like a charm. I have no special ailment except from an overtasked brain. Wakefulness, nervous irritability and tendency to paralysis were the most marked troubles. Now, after three weeks' use, increase of weight, clear mental horizon, freedom from ineffectual paralytic attacks, and good rest. What more could I ask?"

Our "Treatment on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Phila.

ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS CARD.—A Rio Janeiro establishment has the following business-card: "The Both World Hotel, Num. 80, San Ignacio Street, Plaza Vieja. In the establishment set as the European style lodgers which will find an splendid assistance in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary."

WHAT "OLD FRITZ" SAID.

It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is the most powerful liver purifier extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, kidney disease, sick-headache, and other maladies which popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

Alarming Weakness in Men.

Without the least expense for medical or other treatment, young, old or middle-aged men who are weak, nervous and prostrated, from whatever cause, can be quickly and permanently cured. Method of cure new, remarkable, simple and infallible, and approved by the most intelligent patients and physicians. The opportunity is one of a lifetime, and those interested are advised to apply at once, inclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for all particulars, to ANTI-MEDICAL BUREAU, 9 Dey Street, New York.

PILES—PILES—PILES

CURED without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references to Dr. CORKINS, 11 East 29th St.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A SOLACE TO THE ELECTION EXCITEMENT.

In the Election excitement we should not lose sight of the next (174th) Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, which will happen on Tuesday, November 11th—full information can be had of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. The following is the result of the Drawing on Sept. 9th, last. No. 70,468 drew the Capital Prize of \$75,000—sold in fifths at \$1 each—one-fifth (\$15,000) by mail from M. A. Dauphin, Washington, D. C., to Miss Mary Cumfitt, living at service with Edw. Hopper, Esq., No. 1,336 Spruce St., Philadelphia; one to Mr. Thos. W. Cromer, 37 Lafayette Ave., Baltimore, Md. (collected through the Drovers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Baltimore); one to Mr. Louis P. Ampleman, 325 Spruce St., St. Louis, Mo.; another to Henry W. Rahner, engineer U. S. tow-boat *Wm. Stone*, at St. Louis, Mo. No. 15,612 drew the Second Capital Prize of \$25,000, one-fifth of which was held by Mr. Robt. Locke, Memphis, Tenn.; another was collected through Union and Planters' Bank, of Memphis; one to Mrs. R. S. Durst, San Francisco, Cal. No. 55,712 drew the Third Capital Prize of \$10,000, two-fifths held by Mr. G. A. Brown, Bank Exchange, cor. Montgomery and Washington Sts., San Francisco; two-fifths were held by Mr. F. H. Ridd, Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Nos. 21,451 and 46,901 drew the Fourth Capital Prizes (\$6,000 each), sold to parties in Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Omaha, Neb., and Suffolk, Va., etc., until one tires to hear of good luck, which might have been ours, if we only had invested, but a good resolution to make is never to let another opportunity to pass by.—To be continued indefinitely.—Washington (D. C.) *Star*, Oct. 15th.

DR. HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
AS A NERVE FOOD.

Dr. J. W. SMITH, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

INSTANT relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 & 25c.

"OH! BUT I SALIVATED HIM!"

was the actual exclamation of an honest physician, spoken of one of his patients to whom he had given calomel for the cure of biliousness and a diseased liver. And he had salivated him for certain, from which he never recovered. All these distressing consequences are avoided by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS," a purely vegetable remedy that will not salivate, but produce the most pleasing effect, invigorate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and piles. By druggists.

PRETTY WOMEN.

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening; improved; the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

SICKLY CHILDREN and infants grow strong and ruddy under the use of Liebig's Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

STINGING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Palpa." \$1.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

SOFTENS the hair when harsh and dry. Soothes the irritated scalp. Affords the richest lustre. Prevents the hair from falling off. Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

CHILDREN, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

THE WORST cases cured by Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

LIFE-PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

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OUTFIT FREE and ALL FREIGHT PAID.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO. Homeopathic Ch. Mists, London England.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'r, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

"MONEY for all; wealth for the many." Price 30c. Agents' profit 300 per cent. RVI. CO., 51 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

LADIES

Who have once used our goods are now careful to look for the INITIALS of OUR COMPANY on every piece of DRESS LININGS they buy.

A few DEALERS are stating to the trade that they are selling our goods, when in point of fact they are offering only an IMITATION ARTICLE made from SHORT STAPLE COTTON, thereby practicing a gross deception.

BE SURE you buy no goods without you see PLAINLY PRINTED on the SELVAGE THE LETTER G for the quarter of a yard and THE LETTER M for the three-quarters of a yard. You will then get a lining that for Toughness, Firmness and Fineness is Positively Unequaled.

We give below a list of a few of the representative houses where these goods can be found:

IN NEW YORK:

ARNOLD, CONSTANCE & CO.,
E. J. DENNING & CO.,
JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
LORD & TAYLOR,
J. & C. JOHNSTON,
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LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 23d St.,
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CONKLING & CHIVVIS,
SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON,
LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 14th St.,
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KAUGHAN & CO.,
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KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.,

NO. 234 5TH AVE., CORNER 27TH ST.
Trust funds, estates, etc., managed on moderate terms, and income or interest promptly collected and remitted. Authorized to act as court, city or State depository; also as trustee, fiscal or transfer agent of corporations, States or municipalities. INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, also DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO DEMAND CHECK.

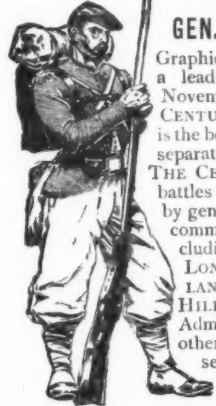
BOXES FOR SECURITIES, JEWELRY or other valuables to rent at \$10 per annum and upward, in FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT. Special banking and coupon-rooms for ladies. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

FREDERICK G. ELDRIDGE, President.
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Jos. S. Auerbach, Fred. G. Eldridge, H'y W. T. Mall, Chas. T. Barney, Jacob Hays, Rob't G. Remsen, Jas. H. Breslin, A. Foster Higgins, Andrew H. Sands, C. T. Cook, Harry B. Hollins, Jas. M. Waterbury, Jos. W. Drexel, Alfred M. Hoyt, Chas. H. Welling, Gen. George J. Magee.

"BULL RUN,"

BY GEN. BEAUREGARD,



Graphically illustrated, is a leading feature of the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. This is the beginning of a series of separate papers, to appear in THE CENTURY, on the great battles of the War, written by general officers high in command on both sides, including Generals GRANT, LONGSTREET, McCLELLAN, BEAUREGARD, HILL, POPE, ROSECRANS, Admiral PORTER, and others. The aim is to present interesting personal experiences—the officers' own stories of their plans and operations. The illustrations will be full and accurate; and accompanying papers on "Recollections of a Private," also begun in November, will add value to a series which the conductors of THE CENTURY believe to be the most important ever undertaken by them. The November CENTURY also contains first chapters of a new novel, the story of an American business man, by W. D. Howells; a timely paper on "How Shall we Elect our Presidents?" short stories by "Uncle Remus" and others, and a number of striking illustrations.

This issue begins a new volume. Yearly subscriptions, \$4.00; single numbers, 35 cents. All dealers keep it. THE CENTURY CO. New-York, publishers. Ask for the

NOVEMBER CENTURY.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna, Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS ROOFING

The only reliable and standard portable roofing for steep and flat roofs in any climate. Easily applied by any intelligent workman. Send for Full Descriptive Catalogue, Samples, etc. H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N.Y. Sole Manufacturers of Genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roof Paints, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Piston and Wick Packing, Millboard, Fireproof Paints, Cements, Coatings, etc.

ELEGANT p'k of 50 Floral Beauties, mottoes, verses etc., name on, 10c. Todd & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

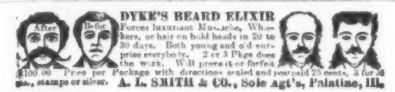
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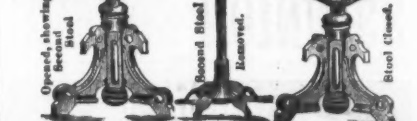
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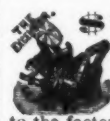
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